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THE BOROUGH FRANCHISE.

EVERY one who is in the least interested in Reform has reason to be very thankful that Lord GROSVENOR's appeal for further delay was at once rejected by the House. The proposal that every one should separate, in order that some unknown persons might have a chance of arriving at an imaginary compromise, was on the face of it so ridiculous that it must have been abandoned even if it were not so obvious that time is precious, and that some progress towards a Reform Bill must be made at once. But, if anything be necessary to put in a clearer light the paramount importance of proceeding without further waiting, it is found in the language which, at the eleventh hour, Mr. DISRAELI has chosen to use. He has got the House to go into Committee on as bad a Bill as could possibly be framed, by giving it to be understood that he was willing to abide by the wishes of the House, and to adopt such alterations and amendments as might be thought necessary. Now he turns round, and will not yield at all. He even denies that he offered to accept a lodger franchise. He makes the mere duration of residence a vital question. He adheres to imposing a fine on the compound householder. He insists that the constituency of each borough shall depend on the mere accident of its having, or not having, adopted the Small Tenements Act. In fact, he maintains his Bill in all its naked absurdity; and, if so, there is nothing that can happen so bad as that the House should pass the Bill. We do not at all regret that every indulgence has been given to the Ministry, that weeks should have been wasted in arriving at the conclusion that the present Ministry is incapable of framing and carrying an honest, intelligible, fair, comprehensive Bill. Long ago it was said that Mr. DISRAELI was only trying to trick Reformers, and those who thought they could fathom his devices were eager that he should be exposed, and got rid of at once. But wiser counsels prevailed, and now Reformers, if they are compelled to take the matter into their own hands, will be able to say that they only do so when they have proved that the present Government, in offering a Reform Bill, did not mean to offer anything but a delusive measure, a mere sham enfranchisement. The arguments against the Bill of the Government as it stands are perfectly overwhelming; and it is only by taking it for granted that the Government will make exactly the concessions he happens to wish for that any Reformer defends it. Mr. HIBBERT, for example, says that it will work well at Oldham. But what does he assume when he says that it will work well? He assumes that the term of residence is not to be two years, but one year. He approves of the Bill only on the supposition that on the "vital question of residence" Mr. DISRAELI will give way when he is pressed. He further assumes that the compound householder is only to pay what his landlord would have paid. That is, he gets rid of Mr. DISRAELI's fine. Of course, if those who are in favour of household suffrage can make sure that Mr. DISRAELI will first accept household suffrage, and then consent to place no checks on it, they may reckon on getting what they want by the Bill, and are quite right to vote for it through all its stages. They may get their will in the end, but it is evident that Mr. DISRAELI does not mean that they shall get it. What he means is to use them to establish household suffrage, and then to throw them over when the time comes for imposing limits.

The debate has fully brought out the enormous faults of the measure, taken as it stands. In the first place, it will at the outset give a very small addition to the electoral body. In the next place, it will work with total inequality in various boroughs, and will operate most disadvantageously in some of the large towns where a liberal extension of the suffrage is most needed, and can best be justified. Then, again, it will impose the burden, on the voter who happens to be a compound householder, of paying a fine as a testi-

monial to his own political virtues. It will draw a most offensive line between the rich voter and the poor voter, and give facilities to the rich which it denies to the poor; laying down that the poor man must reside two years to vote, while the rich need only reside one. It will permit the whole constituency of a borough to be altered from time to time by the caprices of local authorities, set in motion by political jobbers, who will adopt or discard the Small Tenements Act as they think best for the interests of their party. It will open a new and a wide door to corruption, for the voter will not think it wrong, and cannot be made to think it wrong, that the candidate should pay his fine for him; and if he once takes the amount of his fine from the candidate, and thus get into relations with him, bribery will not stop short at the few shillings intended to act as a force deterring him from being a voter. This is a most important consideration. To stop bribery, public opinion must be changed; it must be felt to be wrong to offer money to a voter, and wrong in a voter to take money. But if the law says that a man who happens to live on one side of the street shall pay, before he votes, a sum which his neighbour on the other side of the street is not asked to pay—a sum which seems as if it did not belong to any one or do any one any good, for the parish, for all parochial purposes, is satisfied without it, and a sum which, justly or not, will be popularly considered to have been once paid already in the rent—then the voter called on to make this arbitrary, useless, and seemingly unjust payment will naturally think that the man who asks him to vote may properly pay this small sum for him; and no provisions against bribery can stop such payments being made and received, when they are thought to be only the remedies of an accidental injustice. And lastly, what is perhaps the greatest objection of all to the scheme is that it would encourage men to qualify themselves as voters for temporary and special purposes. It must be allowed that under Mr. DISRAELI's new amendments it will be easy enough for a compound householder to get on the register, and easy enough for him to get off again. The landlord is always there to take his place. In ordinary times it would not be worth the while of a poor man to get his name on the register unless the registration agent did everything, paid everything, and saw to everything for him. But if there were any great popular movement, any fierce popular cry, any strong popular delusion, then on a sudden the electoral body would be changed, and the compound householders would rush to the poll.

These evils are so great that it is impossible to accept them quietly. It would be inconvenient for the Ministry to go just now, and it would be very inconvenient to have a dissolution. But arguments from convenience are of no weight at all in such a case. Because we are in danger of war, and because a dissolution would be very annoying and very injurious to trade, we cannot acquiesce in a Bill which would, if passed, cause bitter irritation, a keen sense of inequality, and an endless series of local jobs. If even the Ministry could triumph over Mr. GLADSTONE's opposition, and could get the House to pronounce a decision that it would not have a Reform Bill based on a figure of rating or rental, still the Bill could not possibly pass. It is quite evident that, rather than have the Bill as it is, the Liberal party would have household suffrage pure and simple. That the Ministry would carry the checks on household suffrage against the Liberal party is totally impossible. If they did, the agitation of last autumn would recommence with double fury. It is quite childish to think that a Reform Bill entirely opposed to the wishes of all those who lead the party of Reform can satisfy Reformers. There is no practical choice possible, after the line which Mr. DISRAELI has thought fit to take, except between household suffrage with no other check than that of residence, and Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal. Before the end of the Session

the Government will have to accept one of the two or go out, unless it consents to do what Mr. DISRAELI a short time ago seemed ready to do, and greatly alter the Bill in Committee. If the Ministerial Bill cannot be carried, and the Ministry will not alter the Bill, the sooner a futile discussion is terminated the better. What we should have liked to see carried is such a modification of the Government Bill as to have admitted all householders allowed to vote at all to vote in as simple, equal, and fair a way as possible. If the Government will not accept any such modification, then their Bill cannot pass. If they persist in adhering to the principle of imposing artificial burdens on the poor voter, they must take the consequences.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE French negotiation for the purchase of Luxemburg was a grave mistake. Dynastically the province had no sovereign, except an alien Grand Duke, who was willing to sell for a reasonable sum rights which were not unlikely to be confiscated without compensation. The Dutch subjects of the King of the NETHERLANDS had nothing to do with the matter, except that they probably regarded the German dominion of the House of ORANGE as Englishmen formerly regarded Hanover. The golden link of a Crown uniting two reciprocally independent States generally involves an inconvenient strain on the more powerful and independent Government. In the eighteenth century England was always engaged in wars on behalf of Hanover, and the Dutch probably feared that the connexion with Luxemburg might at some time involve a quarrel with Prussia or with France. It was not quite certain that the province would break off at the proper line of severance, for within recent experience Schleswig had come away from Denmark with the purely German province of Holstein. Untroubled by domestic opposition, the King of the NETHERLANDS thought himself as free to sell Luxemburg as if he had been an Emperor of RUSSIA dealing with a frozen territory on the other side of the globe. The difference was that, in the old language of diplomacy, there were souls in Luxemburg, whereas the souls of the few hundred Russian settlers on the North American coast are of little account. At the Congress of Vienna, as for many previous generations, it was customary to award thousands or millions of souls to princes who were supposed to have established a title to compensation; but modern opinion disapproves of the diplomatic trade in human beings, and the Luxemburg souls happened to be Germans, as well as inhabitants of the Grand Duchy. On the dissolution of the Confederacy they were left outside of all political organizations in an obviously provisional condition. Count BISMARCK had the less reason for preferring an immediate claim to the Grand Duchy, because a Prussian garrison held the fortress, which is also the capital. It was thought expedient not to notice the hostile measures of the GRAND DUKE, as they had not been followed by military preparations. Sooner or later, Luxemburg, if it was not absorbed by a foreign Power, was nearly certain to form a part of the inheritance of the old Confederation.

The Emperor NAPOLEON, bent on satisfying his countrymen that the union of Germany was compatible with the aggrandizement of France, cast his eye on the half-vacant territory of Luxemburg, without reflecting that the fortress was occupied. As M. DE MOUSTIER has lately informed the Legislative Body, the acquisition was to be effected in the most peaceable and regular manner. It was intended to procure the consent of the GRAND DUKE, to consult the parties to the Treaty of 1839, and, finally, to procure a vote of annexation by universal suffrage. The King of the NETHERLANDS willingly named his price, and England and other Powers declared that the treaty which secured the federal privileges of the province had been practically abrogated by the dissolution of the German Confederacy, and that the GRAND DUKE could not be compelled to assert his dynastic rights. Universal suffrage, as practised by France, strongly resembles the WHARNCLIFFE meetings which are called to sanction Railway Bills after they have passed the House of Commons. The shareholders can withdraw the Bill if they think fit, but they feel that they are in the hands of the Directors, and that it will probably be unwise to reverse a deliberate decision. If there had been no Prussia to consult, the Luxemburgers would not have ventured to offend a Government which had bought them before it asked their consent to the sale. A clever French prefect would have soon contrived to secure an overwhelming majority to approve of an accomplished fact. At present, however, it

seems doubtful whether Luxemburg will ever be required to hold its WHARNCLIFFE meeting.

Every rational Frenchman would allow that Luxemburg is in itself not worth a single day of war. It was one of the early conquests of the Republic, and with many other acquisitions it was reclaimed from France in 1815. Almost any border district would be equally useful in rounding the frontier, and the national honour was in no degree concerned in the quarrel before the interference of Prussia with the proposed purchase. But the interruption which has occurred has converted a trivial arrangement into a question of etiquette or of temper. French politicians declare that, although France is not called upon to require additions to her territory, she can tolerate no interference with her reasonable demands. It can only be said in answer, that it is better to retract a blunder than to persist in maintaining it by force. The Emperor NAPOLEON, who may almost claim to have invented the doctrine of nationality, ought to have remembered that the Luxemburgers share the descent and language of their powerful neighbours. Before the war of 1866 Luxemburg was a Federal fortress with a Prussian garrison, and no French interest is compromised by the continuance of the former arrangement. The Germans, even in their divided state, were never thoroughly reconciled to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, although both provinces have been united to France for a century and a half. Since the fall of the first French Empire, not a German village has been alienated, and the policy of the present Government of Prussia has been accepted by the entire nation because the creation of a great German monarchy furnished a security against future spoliation. It seemed tolerable to allow the King of the NETHERLANDS to retain the Grand Duchy for a time; but the projected annexation of a German province to France was at once regarded as a challenge. When the subject was first mentioned in the North German Parliament, Count BISMARCK prudently used ambiguous language; but it was fully understood that he sanctioned the protests against the alienation of Luxemburg, and he is believed to have added largely to the garrison of the fortress. If there is a sacrifice of French pride in the withdrawal of an injudicious claim, the completion of the bargain would have involved an unprovoked slight to Prussia. If war should unhappily ensue, the Emperor NAPOLEON and the French people will probably be acting against their inclination, as well as against their interest. It is impossible to believe that either the dynasty or the nation can hope to profit by an unnecessary war with an equal Power. There is perhaps some security for peace in the practical difficulty which must attend the opening of a campaign. The Grand Duchy is, for military purposes, fully occupied by the Prussian army; nor is it desirable to commence offensive operations by the siege of a great fortress. It would be impossible to take Luxemburg without a pitched battle against an enemy who would enjoy every advantage of position. A French army is always formidable, and often victorious, but the chances of war would, in the first collision, be scarcely equal. M. THIERS himself must comprehend the imprudence of taking issue with Germany on the question of the national integrity; for good or bad fortune would equally tend to cement German unity when it was attacked by a foreign enemy. The minor princes who were once the tools of French ambition know that their thrones would be instantly forfeited if they refused to join in the struggle against an invader; and Austria herself would probably forfeit her German provinces by an alliance with France in the present quarrel. It is a discredit to civilization that war should still be possible on an arbitrary pique or point of honour; but in the present instance the French Government has created the difficulty for itself, while Prussia has only objected to a measure which necessarily seemed an affront to Germany.

If the pending quarrel were to be decided by war, the inconvenience to neutral States would be measured by the interruption of commerce; but a contest between two Powers of the first order has always a tendency to spread. France will not conquer Germany, nor will Germany dismember France; but the independence of Holland or of Belgium might be sacrificed in the gigantic conflict. The delicate and undeveloped liberties of Germany would be temporarily crushed by the necessities of war, and it is not the interest of France to injure a rival Power by converting a partially constitutional Government into a military monarchy. The consequences which might result from a great European war are too complicated and uncertain to be distinctly foreseen. It is enough to know that the belligerents could by no possibility do good to themselves or to others, except in the accelerated consolidation of German unity. The incipient panic in the Exchanges

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of London and Paris represents the effect of even a threatened quarrel on peaceful industry. The Governments which are most immediately concerned must be anxious to avoid a collision; and it is easier for France to withdraw an unnecessary claim than for Prussia to evacuate the fortress of Luxemburg, or to abdicate the championship of Germany. If attempts are made to settle the dispute by diplomatic arrangements, friendly States might easily raise convenient difficulties by declining to approve the cession of Luxemburg. If the King of HOLLAND is proprietor of the territory, he is also a trustee for Europe, and the parties to the conveyance may plausibly insist on the performance of all attendant conditions and duties. If France is bent on war, remonstrance would be useless, but it would be expedient to encourage a meditated retreat by building a golden bridge.

ENGLAND AND SPAIN.

WHETHER we are or are not on the eve of one of the most absurd, profitless, and undesirable little wars that a great country ever undertook, no one can as yet say. But what we do know, and what any one may know who will take the trouble to read the papers laid before Parliament relative to the seizures of the *Tornado* and the *Queen Victoria*, is that no nation could possibly have a more indisputable cause for war than we have. We have been bullied, tricked, and derided. The most abject of European monarchies, a nation that can pay its just debts but will not, a nation impotent for good in every part of the world, the last stronghold of the slave-trade, the theatre of countless revolutions equally unmeaning and disgraceful, has ventured to insult, to defy, and to laugh at England. We have not the slightest animosity towards Spaniards. They are not nearly so black as they are painted. The ordinary Spanish peasant is, we may frankly own, superior to the ordinary English agricultural labourer. We very much doubt whether there is in the whole of Castile a Spanish labourer who would condescend to take a pair of green breeches from Mr. DISRAELI for having succeeded in being the father of fourteen children. The Spaniards are bigoted, but their bigotry takes a pleasant form. They do not so very much care about Catholicism, for they laugh at priests and rob the Church; but they hate foreigners, and they use their attachment to Catholicism as a pleasant means of plaguing the foreigners they hate. Their QUEEN is—we scarcely know how to express it, but, to speak mildly—a female GEORGE the FOURTH. But then she was most cruelly sacrificed to the detestable ambition and avarice of LOUIS-PHILIPPE, and at any rate she did not marry a man she loathed, and treat him with shameless brutality, in order to pay her debts. Among paradoxes, it would be a very plausible paradox to maintain that the Spaniards are a sort of caricature of Englishmen. They thank Heaven daily that there is one nation left in which pure Christianity flourishes; they underrate other nations; they have a profound contempt for subject races; they think that a legal system which has no common sense and admits of interminable delays is rather a credit to them than otherwise; they combine a high sense of personal independence with an abject admiration of Courts and blue blood. We are not the persons to cast stones at them. They check the United States in the Gulf of Mexico, and France in the Mediterranean. To be beaten by them would be in the last degree disgraceful; to beat them would be no sort of glory whatever. For every reason, therefore, we should wish to avoid a war with them. Nor need we affect to be perfectly without fear of the consequences which a war with Spain would entail on ourselves. We could hurt Spain very much, but Spain could hurt us a little. If we attacked Spain in Europe, we might easily awaken the jealousy of France; if we attacked her in the West Indies, we should certainly awaken the jealousy of the United States. There is no kind of use in disguising the danger we run. If we went to war with any small maritime State, we should have to face the risk of the Americans being ready to cover the seas with *Alabamas*. But Spain can do more than give an excuse for the issue of American privateers. She, and she only among the minor maritime nations, can at once afford an excuse for assailing British commerce, and can offer a tangible, desirable, defensible reward for the co-operation. Cuba is, of all foreign possessions, the one most coveted by the United States; and Cuba would be a most substantial reward for the assistance which the United States might be willing to give, even without reward, from the mere wish to be revenged on England. We can have no possible motive to rush eagerly into a war with Spain. But there are occasions when war, whatever may be its consequences, is a simple necessity; and Spain has chosen to place us in such a position that, unless

she yields to our demands, we must go to war with her. It is simply impossible that we can put up with such outrages as she has inflicted on us. The case of the *Tornado* was bad enough, but the case of the *Queen Victoria* is infinitely worse. No nation which had any self-respect could put up with such treatment as Spain has offered us in this instance, and therefore, unless we immediately receive compensation and an apology, we must fight, or at any rate compel Spain to refer the matter to arbitration.

No one can doubt this who bestows a few minutes' attention on this remarkable case. The *Queen Victoria* was seized so long ago as the 15th January, 1866, by a Spanish revenue vessel, on the high seas, and not within Spanish waters. She was taken to Cadiz, where her crew were dispersed; and they were not only paid to go, but were threatened if they stayed. The master of the vessel was placed under restraint, and his papers taken from him; the name of the vessel was defaced from the stern, and she was reported as having been found derelict. This allegation was afterwards abandoned, and in the March of last year, without any intimation of legal proceedings being pending against her having been given to the British CONSUL, who was in constant communication with the Spanish authorities with a view to her release, the vessel was condemned for having been found landing contraband goods on the Spanish shore, and the goods found on board of her were sold by public sale. The English MINISTER at Madrid was directed to make a very strong remonstrance against the course pursued, and the answer of the Spanish Government was that the matter fell within the jurisdiction of the FINANCE MINISTER as being a revenue case, but that the utmost despatch should be used. After many months the final decision of the FINANCE MINISTER was that the Government of Spain had nothing to do with the matter, as it was solely in the province of a Spanish tribunal to decide upon the legality of the capture of the ship, which, it was alleged, carried a cargo principally of tobacco. The Spanish Government was not, however, satisfied with this. It ventured on the audacious statement that the British CONSUL had chosen not to intervene, and that the owners had not appeared to contest the condemnation. Nothing could have been more utterly untrue. The British CONSUL had done nothing else but try to intervene at every stage; and the owners had protested in every possible way from the very outset, and with the utmost pertinacity, against the capture. The Spanish Government was, however, kind enough to offer that the whole case should be tried over again, and to suggest that, if our Government thought the proceedings were conducted with notorious injustice, then "there would be a fitting opportunity for treating "by diplomacy." There is no dealing with the Spaniards. They seize an English vessel on the high seas, they take her into a Spanish port, bribe and force her crew to desert her, condemn her behind the backs of the British CONSUL and the owners, and then a year afterwards offer to refer the matter once more to a Spanish tribunal. Lord STANLEY judged, and judged very rightly, that the time was come for an appeal to something a little more definite than the action of a Spanish tribunal. The gist of our complaint, both in this case and in that of the *Tornado*, is that the Spanish tribunals which take cognizance of international questions proceed without the very slightest reference to the rudimentary principles of justice; and when we complain to the Spanish Government, we are told that the Spanish Executive cannot interfere with the action of a legal tribunal. This theory is not, however, maintained with perfect consistency, for the Spanish Government takes upon itself to offer that the proceedings of the tribunal which condemned the *Queen Victoria* should be declared void in equity, and that the case should be tried over again. If the Spanish Government can go so far as this, it evidently considers itself empowered to ratify or set aside, as it pleases, the decision of the tribunal. To refer the matter once more to a tribunal would be, however, to recognise that a tribunal which a year ago did a grievous wrong should be invited once more to pronounce a decision. The Spanish Government and the Spanish tribunals play into each other's hands, so that there is no justice to be hoped for from either. To allow this, after we have with great patience, calmness, and consideration demonstrated what is beyond doubt due to us, would be to abandon that fair and honest protection of British interests which we cannot abandon without also abandoning all pretensions to national honour and dignity. The Spanish Government has evidently calculated on the supposition that, whatever wrongs may be offered us, we will not and dare not fight. If this calculation were well-founded, and the Spaniards pursued the course they had adopted towards us, they might seize and condemn every ship that carries the English flag.

A ship may be seized rightfully, as we believe the *Tornado* was seized; or wrongfully, as we believe the *Queen Victoria* was seized. But whether it is seized rightfully or wrongfully, there is, under the Spanish system, no redress. The vessel is taken into a Spanish port. The crew are bullied and tormented; their involuntary statements are misinterpreted, the men themselves are treated as criminals, or are induced by threats to absent themselves. Something which the Spanish officials are pleased to call evidence is thus got together; and on this evidence—without any Englishmen, whether representing the persons affected or the *Queen*, being allowed to rebut or sift it—the vessel is condemned. When we complain, the Spanish Government, after exhausting every subterfuge and every art of delay, offers that, if we like, the process shall be repeated. In the *Tornado* case, Lord STANLEY was told that a secret tribunal should, if he wished, confirm its own decision on appeal, which it has done, to the great delight and amusement of all patriotic Spaniards. In the case of the *Queen Victoria*, Lord STANLEY was told that the secret tribunal should, if he wished, do its work over again; and then, if he thought it decided unjustly, he might write any amount of letters he liked on the subject, which the Spanish Government would answer in its usual style. Lord STANLEY, we are glad to say, did not like this. He wished for something much more satisfactory and much more rapid. He has asked for immediate compensation and an apology. He will no longer endure this farce of appealing to Spanish tribunals. There is no justice to be looked for from them or from the Spanish authorities. The British Consul states that he and the owner of the *Queen Victoria* made no less than thirty-four applications to be heard before the vessel was condemned. There was abundance of evidence ready to be tendered to show that the vessel was not smuggling, nor preparing to smuggle, in Spanish waters. It may be true that a smuggler is not to be too rigidly protected by the rule determining the limit of maritime territory, but in this case the Spanish authorities would listen to no evidence, and allow of no opportunity of the truth being elicited. And now, after the English Government has made the most strenuous efforts to get justice done, and a year spent in making unavailing remonstrances has elapsed, the Spanish Government has the impudence to assert that the British Consul and the owners had hitherto done nothing to establish a claim against the condemnation of the vessel. It is impossible to pass over such a gross outrage and insult. A Spanish war is not at all to our taste; but a Spanish war is infinitely preferable to creating the impression that we may be defied with impunity, and that small nations may safely ill-use British subjects, and confiscate their property, on the speculation that, as they have so little to lose and we have so much, we shall never go to extremities. We cannot, however, see why this is not a matter to be referred to arbitration. It very closely resembles the Brazil case, except that in this new case we are much more clearly in the right. We can permit no more subterfuges or delays, but Spain may be very glad to refer both the case of the *Queen Victoria* and that of the *Tornado* to arbitration. If she will not do this, she must suffer; but we are equally bound to show that we do not desire war, and that we are not afraid of it.

THE CHARGE OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

THE Grand Jury of the Central Criminal Court has ignored the bill against Colonel NELSON and Mr. BRAND, perhaps, as many may be disposed to think, against the opinion of the CHIEF JUSTICE, but not in opposition to the purport of his charge. When a Judge, at the end of a prolix address, tells a body of Grand Jurymen that they are probably in doubt, and that he is in doubt himself, they are not likely to take upon themselves a responsibility which ought to rest with the Bench. Some obscurities and seeming inconsistencies in the charge may probably be attributed to the necessary condensation of the report. Although the charge fills a page of the *Times*, it occupied nearly six hours in delivery, and it was evidently impossible that it should be verbally reported. Those who heard the actual words of the charge may perhaps have understood why the CHIEF JUSTICE criticized the opinion of Mr. HEADLAM, the evidence of Sir DAVID DUNDAS before the Ceylon Committee, and the celebrated apophthegm of the Duke of WELLINGTON. All these authorities held, in substance, that martial law was not law at all, or that it was law only in a figurative sense. Yet the CHIEF JUSTICE had in the earlier part of his charge expounded the same doctrine, with copious illustrations from history and precedent. The followers of WAT TYLER were cut down in

the open field or summarily executed without form of trial; the accomplices of LAMBERT SIMNEL were brought before special tribunals; and in subsequent reigns rioters and insurgents were often subjected to martial law. The CHIEF JUSTICE holds that all proceedings of the kind were equally illegal, or, in other words, that Sir DAVID DUNDAS and Mr. HEADLAM were fully justified in the opinions which he quoted and censured. Lord HALE's proposition that "in truth and reality martial law is not law, *necessitas enim cogit*," was exactly identical in meaning with Sir DAVID DUNDAS's assertion that "martial law overrode all other law, and was entirely arbitrary." It is an old paradox that wrongful possession gives the best title, for "wrong raveneth all he possesseth." In the same sense, martial law or the exercise of force supersedes all regular jurisdiction. The CHIEF JUSTICE seems very judiciously to have studied the discussions of GORDON's case in various journals, and he complains that doctrines of the most startling character have been propounded. It has been said that martial law is not properly law, that it is the extinction of all law, and that the officers who administer it are not bound by any legal rules. "These being the doctrines propounded by some authorities, it was high time that they should be brought to the test of judicial interpretation." Accordingly, the CHIEF JUSTICE virtually expresses his own concurrence in the opinions which, having been startled by their boldness, he has apparently failed to understand. No man can be bound by rules of law in performing an illegal or extra-legal act. By denying the existence of martial law, the CHIEF JUSTICE negatives the attributes as well as the substance. Some methods of putting a man to death may be comparatively decent and humane, but they are not obligatory on the perpetrator of a justifiable or unjustifiable homicide.

The only distinct authority for the legitimate nature of martial law is contained in the preamble of an Act of 1832, for the suppression of disturbances promoted in Ireland by O'CONNELL. "The acknowledged power of the Crown to declare, proclaim, and put in force martial law" was formally recognised by Parliament, as far as the effect of a recital can extend; but the words are neither enacting nor declaratory, and Parliament has no power to alter the law by way of recital. On the whole it is probable that, if the CHIEF JUSTICE could have consulted his colleagues, they would have agreed unanimously with his conclusion that there is no prerogative of declaring martial law. It follows that the trial and execution of GORDON were illegal, and that the Grand Jury ought to have been directed to find a true bill, unless they were satisfied that the death of GORDON was necessary to the public safety. But the CHIEF JUSTICE seems to have been harassed by uncertainty and hesitation, and he qualified his ruling by the admission that "when peace and order were shaken to their foundations, recourse might be had to extraordinary means; but under no circumstances ought men to be subject to trial for their lives where the essentials of justice were not observed, for there were things eternally associated with the name of justice, and which, being of its essence, could never be separated from it." It may be collected from other portions of the charge that the CHIEF JUSTICE referred to the insufficiency of the evidence on GORDON's trial, and perhaps to the removal of the prisoner from Kingston to Morant Bay; but although the conduct of the judges at the Court-Martial may affect their personal character and reputation, it seems immaterial to inquire whether, in default of legal jurisdiction, they asked the proper questions, or required the production of the best evidence. The proceedings being already denounced as irregular, it only remains to ascertain whether they were necessary. If GORDON had been a rebel in arms, he might have been summarily shot; or a commanding officer might, for his own better information, have appointed any Court or Commission to investigate his guilt, without regard to that eternal essence of justice which, as interpreted in England, refuses to read a deposition when it is possible to produce the deponent as a witness. The GOVERNOR might, on the same assumption, have been justified in putting GORDON to death in the streets of Kingston; or he might have sent him to Morant Bay, or to any other place, for convenience of execution. The deed would have been justifiable in itself, and it might have been retrospectively sanctioned by an Act of Indemnity, by the absence of prosecution, by the refusal of a grand jury to find a true bill, or by a verdict of Not Guilty. During the late disturbances in Ireland several rebels were shot by policemen in the discharge of their duty, without the production either of primary or secondary evidence. Mr. EYRE's conduct to GORDON was only culpable because the insurrection was already suppressed, and because there was no impediment to the action of the

ordinary tribunals. In a laudable desire to give a full exposition of the law, the CHIEF JUSTICE seems to have forgotten that Mr. EYRE was safe under theegis of the Bench of Market Drayton, and that neither Colonel NELSON nor Lieutenant BRAND had any share in the arrest or removal of GORDON. To a certain extent the prisoners were responsible for their share in the confusion which rendered the GOVERNOR'S mind inaccessible to considerations of justice or common sense. In common with the bulk of the white population, Colonel NELSON and Mr. BRAND, as well as Mr. EYRE, evidently believed that an agitator who might have been the cause of the outbreak was, in contemplation of law, its contriver. The absurd inadequacy of the evidence would have occurred even to the official and military understanding, if the reasons for executing GORDON had consisted in proofs of his guilt; but no accumulation of testimony could have persuaded Mr. EYRE and his subordinates that a troublesome demagogue ought not to be punished when his doctrines had borne their fruit in violence and outrage. Lieutenant BRAND and his colleagues were appointed to perform a supposed duty by the most effective means which they might find at their disposal. The CHIEF JUSTICE extra-judicially holds the opinion that GORDON was a principal cause of the disturbance, although he had taken no part in any conspiracy. It is not easy to understand why he should have dwelt on the minor irregularities of "a violation of every rule and canon of evidence," and of the absence of a Judge Advocate. It must be remembered that Mr. EYRE and his agents believed in their right to administer martial law; and they might plausibly infer that they were not bound by the ordinary rules of evidence.

The justices of Market Drayton are probably by this time satisfied that they listened too readily to Mr. GIFFARD'S eloquent declamation; yet they may perhaps excuse themselves for their summary treatment of a difficult question of law by observing that the first Judge on the Bench confessed, at the end of a six-hours' harangue, that all that he had said "probably left the Grand Jury, as he confessed it had left himself, in some degree of doubt." Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN is a master of lucid statement, but in purely legal argument, or in mixed discussions of fact and of law, he is less successful. Some portions of his charge are too rhetorical; in other places he deviates into political discussion; and his opinions are not sufficiently clear and definite for the occasion. A Judge, directing a grand jury, ought to eliminate everything except the material issues, and to abstain from any digression which is not absolutely necessary. In some parts of the charge propositions are positively affirmed, to be afterwards qualified or virtually withdrawn. It is clear that, even if the proclamation of martial law was regular, GORDON was tried by an *ex post facto* proceeding; yet the CHIEF JUSTICE, after pointing out the anomaly, entirely exculpates the members of the Court from any blame on account of their neglect to notice the objection. The Grand Jury had some reason to complain both of the length and of the ambiguity of the charge. It was entirely irrelevant to dilate on the history of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, or on the evil results of West Indian slavery. It was not even necessary or proper to speak of executions, tortures, and floggings which were not subjects of the bill presented to the Grand Jury. If Mr. EYRE should unfortunately be exposed to further proceedings, he may perhaps be indicted for other acts of violence, as well as for the execution of GORDON; but Colonel NELSON and Mr. BRAND were not responsible for the conduct of the Government, and they were only charged with certain definite acts. The CHIEF JUSTICE is entitled to the credit of industrious research, and of a conscientious desire to discharge a painful duty; but perhaps it would have been better to deliver before a grand jury a terser and drier exposition of the law, which might have helped them to form a sound decision, instead of leaving judge and jury bewildered with conflicting considerations.

MR. COLERIDGE'S INSTRUCTION.

THE history of the Instruction which was forced on the Liberal party by Mr. GLADSTONE, and was suddenly snuffed out in the Tea-room of the House of Commons, is one of the most strange of the many strange incidents of this Session. Another blunder is added to the long list of Mr. GLADSTONE'S blunders. There can be no doubt that he thoroughly mistook the feelings of his party; and if it is the business of a leader to guide his party, it is also his business to understand it. The meetings which it is one of the novelties of the Session to hold at the houses of party leaders seem to be a very bad institution so long as they are managed as Mr. GLADSTONE'S was managed. Nominally, they

are receptions at a private residence, so that the leader may confer with his supporters. They come to see him at his own house, that they may talk over the position of the party, and decide how to act. Practically, members are asked to go to Mr. GLADSTONE'S house, and they go, not in the least knowing what is to happen there. Mr. GLADSTONE tells them what he has decided to do, and they are expected to listen and to assent. There is no conference, no sociable discussion, no kindly interchange of opinion. Mr. GLADSTONE lays down the law, and will hear no one who attempts to dissent. Mr. CLAY, who is at once a firm Liberal and a man who never says what he has to say in an arrogant or offensive manner, ventured to suggest that it might be better to do exactly what Mr. GLADSTONE consented to do on the following Monday—namely, to retain the first part of the Instruction, and omit the last. Mr. GLADSTONE fired up as if a sacred ox-fly had stung him. He would not endure such an insult to him for a moment. As leader of the party he would have the Instruction, the whole Instruction, and nothing but the Instruction. Mr. CLAY was silenced, and no one else dared to speak; but many Liberals walked away with a keen sense of wrong and bitterness. Next day all was in the newspapers at full length. It was published to all the world that Mr. GLADSTONE, when he called his friends to council, had not the remotest notion of letting them give their opinions. He looked upon himself solely as a blessed GLENDOWER; it was his to speak and theirs to hear. The consultation was no more than a means of doing that which a Minister does when he gives a communication to a favoured journal. They had the privilege of knowing about ten minutes earlier than other persons what Mr. GLADSTONE meant to do about Reform. But he could not hold the position he had assumed. He was made to give way, and this is what is so damaging to him. He neither understood what his supporters wished nor what was his power over them. They silenced him effectually enough in their turn, and they did this in a very remarkable and unpleasant way. At the very last moment, just as he was going to the House with the sense of power strong upon him, and with his thunderbolts of oratory all ready at hand, they quietly waited on him to say that he must give way. He did give way; he did exactly that which he had assured Mr. CLAY he would never dream of doing. He took the first part of the Instruction, and threw away the last; and in doing so he of course gave a great occasion of triumph to Mr. DISRAELI. Nor was it only that he had been deserted by his supporters. He had playfully jeered at the Ministry, and spoken cheerfully of the certainty he felt that with a little gentle pressure they would give way to any extent. According to the new custom of immediately publishing everything that happens anywhere, these amiable pleasantries were presented at full length in the papers of the following day. It was with the greatest satisfaction and the happiest effect that Mr. DISRAELI was able to assure the House that he found the pressure which Mr. GLADSTONE was able practically to exercise perfectly supportable.

Scarcely, however, had Mr. GLADSTONE got into this lamentable scrape when Mr. DISRAELI eclipsed him. Elated with his triumph, and in his turn mistaking, as we imagine very greatly, the strength of his position, he sent a circular to his supporters, which was of course at once printed in all the newspapers, and in this circular he stated that Mr. GLADSTONE had introduced several amendments, and among others one relating to the amount of residence to be required for the borough franchise. Mr. DISRAELI proposed that the term of residence should be two years, and Mr. GLADSTONE proposed that the term should be one year. This, Mr. DISRAELI informed his supporters, was a really vital question. "The Government could not go on with the Bill at all unless the term of residence was fixed at two years. It would be equivalent to a vote of want of confidence to shorten the period during which borough voters must reside. If so, what possible use can there be in going into Committee? If the mere figure of the term of residence is not to be a matter of discussion, what is? In itself two years may be a good time to fix on, and so may be one year, or eighteen months, or any other time. It is a fair matter for inquiry, for consideration, and for debate. It is perfectly ludicrous for the Ministry, after having taken up from the outset the position that it was willing to ascertain the views of the House in Committee, and after having got its Bill into Committee solely by inspiring a belief that it was ready to yield wherever it could, to say that it must go out of office or appeal to the country because the House may think, after having viewed the question with regard to the habits of the

poor and to the limits of the present usage, that one year's residence is enough to exact. That some length of residence should be exacted, every one is agreed. Mr. GLADSTONE does not propose to let the shifting, thriftless vagrant poor have a vote. He merely states that in his opinion the respectable stationary poor—the poor connected with a locality, the poor that have some sort of interest in the borough in which they reside—are sufficiently marked off from the vagrant poor by the exaction of one year's residence. Supposing it were a quite new and open question, totally unconnected with the party politics of the Session, we do not believe that one man in ten could offhand give any good reason for preferring the one figure to the other; and if this is so, what can be a greater breach of the understanding which is supposed to exist between the Government and the House than that the Ministry should say that to alter their figure would be to express a total want of confidence in them which would oblige them to abandon the Bill altogether? It is possible that Mr. DISRAELI may give way on this point. He can scarcely mean to risk the existence of the Ministry on the mere figure of the term of residence; but then, if he gives way, he will be doing precisely what Mr. GLADSTONE had to do with regard to Mr. COLERIDGE's Instruction. He will have announced that, as leader of his party, he must stick to a thing which he will have to abandon. This is very bad management, and it only seems a slighter blunder than that of Mr. GLADSTONE because we do not really expect so much from Mr. DISRAELI as we do from the leader of the Opposition.

The attitude which Mr. DISRAELI has now assumed fills us with great misgiving as to the possibility of passing a Reform Bill this Session. For the moment let us lay aside every difficulty but one, and consider how insuperable this difficulty is unless the Bill is altered. Let us suppose we are to have household suffrage, and that we are to have household suffrage subject to certain artificial checks. Whether any particular checks are good or bad is a matter for fair discussion. But that which cannot be for a moment tolerated is that there shall be one law for the rich and another for the poor, one set of conditions to be fulfilled by those who live in houses rented at 10*l.*, and another set of conditions to be fulfilled by those who live in houses rented below 10*l.* The reason why Mr. GLADSTONE professed to cling to the last half of Mr. COLERIDGE's Instruction was a very good reason in itself, although it was urged in the wrong way, and at the wrong time. The drift of his Instruction, apart from its endeavour to fix a rating franchise, was to do away with all burdens laid on the poor elector which are not laid on the comparatively rich elector. That the poor and the rich shall, if allowed to vote at all, vote under exactly the same conditions, is one of the very first axioms of honest Reformers. It would be infinitely better to lose a year, or to go through any amount of dissension and annoyance, than to admit for a moment what is really the dual vote in another form—namely, that the voter under 10*l.* shall have difficulties thrown in his way which do not beset the 10*l.* householder. We should get back to the very worst features of the Government Bill if we were to establish this difference between one class and another, and to set up, as if in derision of the poor, this most mean and contemptible of oligarchies. About household suffrage and rating suffrage, about lodgers and fundholders, about the redistribution of seats and accumulative voting, we think there ought to be every possible toleration of opinion, every desire to be moderate, every wish to have each point argued out in a calm, comprehensive way. But as to this division between the rich voter and the poor voter, this attempt to make it easy for the rich man to vote and hard for the poor man to vote, we consider it to be wholly and absolutely detestable; and we could even endure that sad extremity of woe which has been spoken of in the last few days as a possibility—a Whig Ministry under “the veteran” Lord HALIFAX—rather than that a Reform Bill founded on this system of odious inequality should disgrace the Statute-book.

ITALY.

THE new Italian Session has opened with a Ministerial crisis, and the Parliament which was supposed by some people to be expressly returned for the purpose of supporting Baron RICASOLI will begin its serious labours under the auspices of his successor. Until the circumstances which led to this sudden change have been more fully discussed, it is impossible to do justice to the various persons who have played a part in it. If rumour is to be believed, the King

himself is partly responsible for the event, in having declined to permit the late Ministry within so short a period to vary the programme traced out by them in the Speech from the Throne. The English press has already begun to sympathize with Baron RICASOLI, but it is possible that the public interests of Italy may not suffer by his withdrawal from the helm. There are certain grave crises, like that which occurred last year, at which no one can serve Italy so well as RICASOLI. His unflinching integrity and resolution, and the confidence reposed in his personal honour by the country, make him the most valuable of all Ministers during a war, a commotion, or a political interregnum. His presence at the head of affairs has a reassuring effect on uneasy political pessimists. They feel sure that there will be no intriguing with the Tuileries, with Rome, or with the Revolution, while he is Premier, and that he will make war or peace as becomes the honest servant of a great nation. During the last year his vigour and his sincerity were of incalculable advantage to the Italians. A weaker man might easily have been led astray at the sudden cession of Venetia to the French, and the vehement appeal that followed from the French EMPEROR to suspend hostilities on the Po. This sort of manœuvre was one with which Baron RICASOLI was the best man in Europe to cope. His only answer was an order to CIALDINI to advance into Venetia, and there can be no doubt that the step which he then took upheld the honour and reputation of Italy in the eyes of the world, and added in a corresponding degree to her diplomatic prestige. But when war is over, and the country is settling down again into its ordinary routine, it may be doubted whether Baron RICASOLI is still the best man to guide it. He would be admirable if anybody would work under him. But his hand is too heavy and his will too rigid to make it easy for men of intellect to do so. And, accordingly, whenever Baron RICASOLI has been confronted with the task of administration, he has always failed. He cannot drive a Parliamentary team, and as a necessary consequence he cannot conduct the business of the nation. The support which some Ministers would receive under such circumstances from the Throne is wanting to Baron RICASOLI. The Royal backstairs are all against him. RICASOLI is not *bon enfant*, like CAVOUR; he is the reverse of all that is usually implied in the term “courtier”; and whenever he retires into private life it is to the relief of half the Royal circle. It would not, however, be fair to represent him as an illustrious victim of intrigues. He is the victim of his own incapacity to serve Italy except in the position of Minister Extraordinary. When ordinary times return, as soon as he is tested, he is always found deficient.

The new Ministry have scarcely yet got as far as a programme; but the usual professions have been made to, and accepted with courtesy by, all Parliamentary parties. By far the best programme with which RATTAZZI could enter office is the speech pronounced recently by himself at Alessandria, before there was a thought of the present Ministerial changes. No one can deny that he has treated the RICASOLI Cabinet with apparent loyalty and fairness. The last time that he ousted them and succeeded to their vacant places, he or his friends, justly or unjustly, were accused of more ambiguous conduct. But during the elections, and since the meeting of Parliament, M. RATTAZZI has conspicuously abstained from increasing the difficulties of one who must, we suppose, be called his rival. It is fortunate for the Crown that domestic affliction afforded General MENABREA an excuse for declining the Ministerial honours which the King was desirous of forcing on him. A RATTAZZI Cabinet may possibly succeed, and will at all events have a better prospect of success than any other which can now be named. But a MENABREA-RATTAZZI Ministry must have been a certain failure. The Left would have been restlessly uneasy, both upon the subject of clerical and French intrigues; and though M. RATTAZZI has been in his day the bitter and much-abused enemy of the priests, he has not been uniformly free from the suspicion of listening too readily to the counsels of the Tuileries. The absence of General MENABREA from the Cabinet is, moreover, the only manner in which the support of the Left can be secured. And without some show of friendliness to the Left no new Ministry can expect to be long-lived. A great deal of work has to be done in which they take an especial interest. Administrative and financial reforms seem likely to occupy for some time the attention of the Chamber, and must be carried with the co-operation of the Left. It is not therefore surprising that overtures should have been made by RATTAZZI to this section of the Chamber. In the present condition of Italian politics, no Parliamentary Cabinet can be sure of a long lease of power. All the combinations that can be formed are necessarily unstable, but if it be true that

M. RATTAZZI's Administration is already complete, it may continue to govern the country for a moderate term of office.

The first difficulty with which he has to contend is the desperate position of the Italian finances. M. RATTAZZI will probably carry into practice a portion at least of his unofficial professions, by attempting to reorganize the personnel of the public civil service. Every Italian who is a competent judge of the matter has confessed that there is at present great waste, and a good deal of jobbery and corruption, in the departments. So unpopular, however, is the task of departmental reform, and so innumerable are the interests affected among a nation of *employés* by every step in that direction, that it is easier to promise than to apply remedial measures. The army, at all events, will be reorganized, a new system of taxation devised, and some further reductions in the expenditure effected. The speech made by M. RATTAZZI last Thursday, in the Chamber of Deputies, recognises fully the responsibility imposed on the new Ministry by the fact that Italy at last is at peace. "No preoccupations exist," he said, "for Italy abroad, we ought therefore actively to occupy ourselves with home affairs." The wisdom of this determination is too obvious to require comment; but until it is followed up with details of the proposed measures, only a general sort of praise for good intentions can be accorded to it. The best security for the future lies less in the promises of the new Premier than in the economic tendencies of the new Chamber, as exhibited by them in their first Address to the Throne. Yet it is not easy to devise a scheme by which an impatient country may be relieved as far as possible from taxation, and an empty Treasury at the same time may be recruited. M. FERRARIS, the last-found Italian financier, has the reputation of being an able man, and enjoys the advantage of possessing the confidence of a portion of the Left. So many financial reputations have, however, crumbled to nothing in the last few years, that Italians may be pardoned if they observe the advent of a new Financial Minister with curiosity rather than enthusiasm. Amongst other measures, the new Cabinet stand pledged to introduce Bills for the conversion of what, by a linguistic solecism, is called the ecclesiastical patrimony. It is a consolation, in losing M. RICASOLI, to feel that his ecclesiastical measure is now consigned for ever to the tomb of the CAPEULETS. It will be singular if it falls to the lot of M. RATTAZZI to repeat, as an Italian Minister, the anti-Catholic legislation which he initiated as a Minister of the little and now almost forgotten Kingdom of Piedmont. The Court of Rome has less to hope from the reappearance of its veteran antagonist than from the continuance of the RICASOLI Cabinet. In foreign affairs the policy of M. RATTAZZI, if it equals his own expectations, will be a policy of observation. It is curious, but not necessarily ominous, that within a few hours of his final installation in power there should have been a heavy fall of Italian funds upon the Paris Bourse, owing to a report of a new alliance between Italy and France. In the present state of the French capital no rumour is too wild to be credited by Parisian speculators; and it is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that M. RATTAZZI's Ministry can be the prelude of anything but a series of efforts at peaceful and economical administration.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

IT is difficult to do justice to a statesman in commenting on proposals the particulars of which are only learned through flimsy telegrams and hostile criticism; and if Mr. MASSEY's Indian Budget seems in some respects defective, it is only right to admit that the apparent faults are faults of detail which may very probably disappear when the whole scheme is seen accompanied by the explanations of its author, and to recognise that, in the broad policy kept in view, he has advanced beyond any of his predecessors. In India, more than in most countries, the element of chance sometimes cruelly disappoints the hopes of financiers. We have found in this country a comparatively good revenue in the midst of a cotton famine, and a handsome surplus at the end of a year of monetary panic. The sources of wealth in a highly-civilized country are so extended and various that, unless the harvest altogether fails, we are seldom visited by a financial misfortune which is not compensated by some special prosperity. It is not so in India, or not nearly to the same extent. India is always having her lucky and unlucky years, and this last year has been one of the unlucky ones, and unfortunately it was one in which we had presumed more than usual upon continued good fortune. Since 1860 we have seen both surpluses and deficits exceeding 2,000,000*l.*, and if we find now a deficit of more than that amount it is balanced by a still larger surplus in the immediately preceding year. Two

causes account in substance for the whole falling-off. In the first place, there is no longer an Income-tax in India, and the wealth of the commercial classes is substantially untouched by taxation; and in the second place, the great opium speculation has turned out badly, and the Government has realized a price for its monopoly ten per cent. below what had been expected. Add to this that our long and inexcusable neglect of irrigation has brought famine upon a large and generally fertile district, and that some portion of a calamity which has destroyed the people by hundreds of thousands has been felt also by the national Treasury.

These being the features of the annual returns, Mr. MASSEY is to be congratulated on having striven to deal with causes rather than with effects. He cannot of course dispense with the fluctuating opium revenue, but he makes his calculations as little dependent upon it as possible, by assuming a very low estimate of the selling price. Mr. LAING once tried to persuade the world that the opium revenue was not more uncertain than some of our home taxes; but, without making out even this point, he wholly left out of consideration the fact that there was no other element in Indian finance sufficiently elastic to compensate for a bad opium year. It would be an immense advance if India could be freed from the necessity of trusting so largely to a highly speculative Government monopoly, but the only path towards this end is by the establishment of substituted taxes which shall throw the burden upon those who at present almost entirely escape. This course Mr. MASSEY has endeavoured to pursue by reviving, in the shape of what he calls a license-tax, the Income-tax, which, bad as its machinery was, was too sound in principle to be recklessly abandoned. We should be glad to believe that Mr. MASSEY's new impost was as independent of the Income-tax machinery as its title promises. Before Mr. WILSON's pedantry had forced upon India an exact imitation of our own not too popular Schedule D, a scheme had been propounded for attaining the same end by levying a license-tax upon the trading and professional classes, graduated in accordance with a rough classification. Mr. MASSEY so far recurs to a method which is much more appropriate to India than the refinements and inevitable evasions of our form of direct taxation as to divide the subjects of his impost into broad classes, within the limits of each of which all are to be taxed alike. But, if the reports which have as yet arrived are to be trusted, the tax is radically defective in borrowing its scale from the defunct Income-tax. Mr. WILSON's machinery of assessment was found so utterly unmanageable that the first returns under it were grossly evasive, and yet the Government never dared to insist on new returns in successive years. Incomes that were outrageously underestimated in the first year grew from large to larger, and the fortunate owners continued to pay only on the false returns which they had sent in on the original establishment of the tax. The produce of the impost was consequently a mere fraction of what it ought to have been, and dishonesty triumphed even more conspicuously than under our Schedule D. It is said, we hope incorrectly, that Mr. MASSEY's classification is founded exclusively on the old returns of the Income-tax, and that the only check proposed is the right to examine books, and the like, which the Government never ventured to use for the purpose of correcting the Income-tax returns. If this is so, the new measure is no improvement on the old tax; and it has the additional defect, that the scale of taxation stops long before the incomes of high-placed civilians and millionaire bankers are reached. These suspicions may be removed when Mr. MASSEY's statement shall have reached us; but at present it would seem that a thoroughly sound policy has been vitiated by a want of mastery over the details required by the circumstances of the country.

The other feature of the Budget is the proposal to defray by means of loans the necessary and long-neglected expenditure upon works of irrigation. The Orissa famine, unhappily not yet a thing of the past, has at length opened the eyes of Indian officials to the crying wickedness of leaving a land which is absolutely under their control in a state of barrenness which at their own will they might convert into perennial fertility. A famine in India is as much the direct act of man as a famine in England would be if we neglected to sow the necessary seed. For the most part the one only essential to ensure productive harvests is water, and the water is there in abundance if we choose to use it. We have not so chosen, because it would cost money to make the needful reservoirs and canals, and because we could not see the wisdom of borrowing at 4 per cent. to repay to the Government from 10 to 100 or 200 per cent., and to the people all that is

comprehended in the difference between periodical starvation and unbroken plenty. We have gone on for years pretending to devote several millions annually out of surpluses, when they came, to public works, which were so mixed up together as to lead people at home to believe that they were generally of the character of irrigation and other reproductive undertakings. The fact is that the great bulk of this uncertain expenditure went to barracks and other buildings, and the really paying investment was grievously neglected. Mr. MASSEY proposes at last to amend this practice, and, instead of patching up his deficit by allowing half-finished canals to fall into ruin, he has the courage to propose a loan of 2,000,000*l.* for the purpose of investment in the most profitable undertaking in which the Government could embark. If there were no other good point about the Budget, too much praise could not be given to the financier who has been the first to break through the petty maxims that have so long prevented any really effective improvement of our great Indian estate. A rational landowner will rather borrow money to reclaim a waste than let the operation languish because he chooses to spend upon it only the chance savings of his income; and the same policy is infinitely more prudent in India, where irrigation offers returns which no one could hope for from the most promising scheme of reclamation. What Mr. MASSEY now proposes ought to be the commencement of a large policy, to be continued on a scale of increasing magnitude so long as the profits of the works exceed the interest on the money invested; and on this condition we believe that hundreds of millions might find, in course of time, a highly profitable investment on the plains of India. The scheme, half-accepted, of handing over this great national work, with the profits of it, to private Companies, was infinitely better than neglecting it altogether; but it is obvious that whatever the Companies gain the Government loses, and that to the universal proprietor of the land belongs the privilege and the duty of developing its resources. The Indian railway policy was excusable only on the ground that the Parliamentary sanction given to guarantees would have been refused to an avowed loan for the purpose of constructing railways by the hands of the Government. The latter plan would, as every one now knows, have been far more economical, and the case for excluding private agency from irrigation enterprises is so much the stronger from the difficulty of adjusting rents and water-rates between conflicting claimants. But there is only one way in which the Government of India can justify itself for not admitting private enterprise into the field, and that is by doing the work, as it can if it pleases to do it, more effectually and more profitably to the whole community than would be possible for any Company. This we hope to see done; and Mr. MASSEY's proposal to raise a loan for the purpose rather than abandon the enterprise for want of a surplus will, we hope, be the commencement of a new era in Indian finance—an era of judicious expenditure and ample returns, when the improved rent of the land alone shall suffice for all the requirements of the State, and the ryots shall not only have a larger margin of profit, but substantial exemption from the periodical famines which are due to our past neglect.

RAILWAY DIFFICULTIES.

UNLESS railway credit is more robust than any other kind of commercial reputation, incessant discussions, suggestions, and scraps of gossip must have a strong tendency to prolong and increase the depression which has now lasted for a twelvemonth. It is difficult to say whether chimerical theorists, frightened shareholders, or officious and suspicious advisers contribute most largely to the maintenance of uncertainty and alarm. The outrageous attempt of the Government to tamper with the Parliamentary contract of the Gas Companies has thrown additional doubt on the safety of all incorporated associations; and if the attainment of fair profits is to afford the signal for legislative plunder, it is hopeless to look forward to a possible prosperity which would be almost as ruinous as adversity. Wild economic reformers have accustomed themselves to think that property, if it is only subdivided into shares, is a fit subject for the crudest experiments. A respectable journal lately proposed that the Gas Companies should be relieved from any limitation of dividend, but that they should be subjected to the obligation of providing nearly double the present illuminating power. Philosophical writers have probably never heard that bright gas can only be made of cannel coal, which is a monopoly in the hands of half a dozen owners. It would be more reasonable to require the London and North-Western Company to run

express trains from London to Liverpool at intervals of twenty minutes during the day. Many commentators on railway affairs are fully capable of making such a suggestion, and of adding that the express fares should be reduced to a farthing a mile. Proposals that Parliament should break faith with Companies, or that Companies should violate their engagements to Parliament, are equally rife, even when contradictory schemes are not advocated in contiguous columns. The greatest service which the railways could at present receive would be to be, as far as possible, let alone. Confiscation will not increase the ability of Companies to meet the public wants; and, on the other hand, the repudiation of deliberate bargains will not raise the character of directors or shareholders.

The most comprehensive and plausible measure for dealing with railway difficulties was proposed a week ago by Mr. CRAWFORD, and countenanced in principle by Mr. GLADSTONE. As Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE observed, the advantages attributed to the scheme looked too good to be true. The debenture-holders were to be secured from loss, the proprietors were to receive a full equivalent for their property, and the State was to acquire an immediate revenue, and a reversion so enormously valuable that it was estimated at an amount sufficient to pay off the National Debt. Some representatives of the railway interest not unnaturally expressed a disposition to share in the vast possibilities of gain which were revealed to Mr. CRAWFORD's imagination. As an indignant critic querulously remarks, the selfish shareholders declared that they wanted their profits for themselves. A part, however, of the gold mine to be opened consisted of the credit of the State, which was to be substituted for the less certain solvency of the Companies. The high average price of the English Funds has been for many years sustained by strict punctuality of payment, and by religious caution in pledging the public credit for extraneous purposes; nor is it by any means certain that it would be possible to eat the cake of prudence and have it. If the Government assumed the railway debenture debt, it would or would not be fully covered by the property of which it would be the first mortgagee. It is proposed that the Railway Companies should pay the Government the market rate of interest, while it is supposed that money could be borrowed on the public credit at least one per cent. lower. The operation would in the first instance be practicable, but it would diminish, in proportion to its magnitude, the value of the public funds and the borrowing power of the State. If the property pledged is sufficient, the intervention of the Government is unnecessary. The further conversion of the freeholds of the Companies into long leaseholds, with reversion to the State, would be grossly oppressive unless adequate compensation were given to the proprietors. The outlay found necessary for the purpose in France, if it had been invested during the term of the concession at compound interest, would have amounted to a larger sum than the future value of the railways. It is no new discovery that an accumulated sinking fund would ultimately pay off the National Debt; but economists have generally agreed that the public money might be more beneficially employed. The proposed control by the State of capital expenditure would be purely mischievous, and the conversion of a freehold title into leasehold in return for immediate assistance would be an arbitrary adjustment of a bargain which ought to be regulated by special circumstances. The transfer of a reversion to the Government might in one case be an inadequate consideration for a loan, while in another instance the surrender of future profits would be as rash as the post-obits of a spendthrift. Mr. CRAWFORD has perhaps been since startled by the extravagant enthusiasm of some admirers of his scheme, for clear-headed men of business always suspect that they have made a mistake when they find that they have been unconsciously engaged in promoting a colossal project of social reform.

As Railway Companies may hereafter be assailed by less honest and less intelligent legislators than Mr. CRAWFORD, they will act wisely in not furnishing legitimate pretexts for the future invasion of their property. A meeting of shareholders of the Brighton Company was lately held for the purpose of opposing the adoption of some new lines which have been authorized in Sussex. Any railway map will show that both the Eastern and Western parts of the county are covered with an admirably devised network of railways belonging to the Brighton system, though some of the lines still exist only on paper. The Company reasonably supposed that by meeting the public wants it had secured the possession of its proper territory; but the South-Eastern and the London, Chatham, and Dover Companies on two separate occasions promoted an

utterly useless line from London to Brighton, and on the second occasion, in 1866, the scheme was, in spite of the clearest evidence of its absurdity, sanctioned by Committees of both Houses. The Brighton Company had unfortunately incurred the hostility of a powerful commercial writer, who perhaps influenced the opinion of Parliament by reiterated recommendations of the competing line. Having reduced the value of the Brighton stock not less than forty per cent., the same authority now urges upon the shareholders the expediency of refusing to perform the promise of purchasing and completing the authorized Sussex lines. These railways were originally promoted by independent projectors, who would have introduced competing interests into the centre of the Brighton system; and, in pursuance of a policy which has been consistently followed for many years, they were adopted by the Company, when it was found that they were indispensably necessary for local accommodation. A series of such arrangements has resulted in the establishment of three through lines from London to Brighton, with numerous lateral communications, besides the gratuitous undertaking of the two Kentish railways. The Brighton Company has received full consideration for its acceptance of obligations which may for a time be more or less burdensome. The repudiation of deliberate engagements would be highly injurious to the character of the Company, and it would indirectly tend to prevent the abandonment of the intrusive line, which must otherwise almost certainly take place. The shareholders of the Great Western Company some years since refused, under similar circumstances, to make an authorised line through East Gloucestershire, and they have ever since been harassed by competition for the abandoned district.

A dreary chapter of railway history has been momentarily relieved by the episode of Sir MORTON PETO's ostensible motion for an inquiry into the affairs of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. Mr. CHARLES BULLER once observed that the most infallible method of obtaining a certificate to character was to be the object of any imputation in the House of Commons. Sir MORTON PETO, in default of an accuser, has proposed himself as a subject for criticism, and with perfect success. Mr. WHATMAN, who placed on the notice paper a blundering amendment which ultimately flashed in the pan, appears to have supposed that Sir MORTON PETO's motion was likely to be seriously discussed. The mover, notwithstanding his long experience in Parliament, may possibly have shared the same delusion, but in receiving the highest testimonials from the two chief members of the House he probably attained his object. Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE are more eminent than Sir MORTON PETO's constituents at Bristol, and their additional contribution of whitewash is proportionally effective. Mr. DISRAELI, indeed, speaking of a political opponent, handled the brush with comparative reserve, only "recognising with admiration the enterprise and energy" of Sir MORTON PETO's character, and sympathising with a member of the House "who has sat among us for so many years, and who has so many claims to our respect." Mr. GLADSTONE, who is not only a great party leader, but a champion of the highest and most delicate morality, daubs a calumniated supporter with more enthusiastic eulogy. Sir MORTON PETO shares with two other gentlemen, who are in fact exempt from all suspicion of impropriety, the credit of "high character and untainted honour," and he is the exclusive object of a still higher tribute to exalted merits. In Mr. GLADSTONE's estimation, the contractor for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway is "a man who has obtained a high position in this country by the exercise of rare talents, and who has adorned that position by his great virtues." The shareholders, the debenture-holders, and the railway community are less just or less generous; but Mr. GLADSTONE says that, whether debentures or documents purporting to be debentures were issued in excess of Parliamentary powers, the operation suggested by great talents was adorned by the display of great virtues. The transaction may possibly have been legitimate, but the only explanation hitherto tendered by Sir MORTON PETO has lain between the horns of a simple dilemma. At Bristol he denied that irregular debentures had been issued, because the supposed excess consisted of documents not worth the paper on which they were written. A casuist might take pleasure in discussing whether a real or pretended over-issue was a more justifiable proceeding. The refusal of the House to enter on the inquiry was a matter of course; but it appears that Mr. GLADSTONE had made some inquiry of his own which resulted in his perfect satisfaction.

THE USES OF FOOLS.

IF, in accordance with the views of some philosophers, we admit that everything in this world has its uses, we must of course admit that some great purpose is subserved by the much-abused race of fools. It is indeed difficult to discover the final cause of many phenomena—such as rattlesnakes, mosquitoes, and trichinae. And, at first sight, the existence of so many fools is rather hard to reconcile with our conceptions of providential superintendence. We are apt rashly to imagine that, if we had been consulted at the making of the world, we should have suggested a comparatively sparing use of this ingredient. Such indeed seems to be the opinion of the advanced advocates of competitive examination. According to them there is no office, however mechanical, for which a fool is fit. They are unable to eliminate the genus from the world entirely; but they would leave him no employment, or at least admit him only to those professions to which their panacea is manifestly inapplicable. They must still allow him, for example, to be a private soldier, a clergyman, or a member of Parliament. Some callings are evidently too much in want of recruits to be scrupulous; or the proposed exclusion, if possible, would require too abrupt and revolutionary a change. Having regard, however, to the fact that so large a proportion of mankind may, without unkindness, be described as fools, it seems doubtful whether any calling whatever can be in a really healthy condition without its due share of the class. It is extremely unlikely that we shall ever be able to judge by actual experiment as to the possibility of working with such expurgated materials, though, we may be pretty sure that folly, considered as a widely-distributed social element, like some of the substances found in the animal frame, discharges some useful function. Reduced to hypothetical reasoning, we may form a tolerable conjecture as to what that function is, and be ready, like Jaques, to give thanks on meeting a fool.

It is necessary, in the first place, to distinguish between the two great classes of clever and stupid fools. Of the latter, or the fool pure and simple, it is easy to see one main advantage. He inclines naturally, as Mr. Mill pointed out last Session, to the Conservative side, and forms the ballast or steady material in society. The enormous strength of that sheer stupidity against which "the gods themselves fight in vain" has been frequently remarked; and it would be mere prejudice to say that it is always exerted on the wrong side. Thus the preservation of certain legal or other fictions is an admitted necessity, not only in old-established, but in the most newfangled constitutions; a superstitious reverence for the Crown, or for a piece of paper, as the case may be, is necessary to enable any country to develop quietly, instead of suffering a series of revolutionary shocks. If the mass of the people were clever enough to see through such fictions, they would never survive any time of serious excitement. And it is necessary that the augurs should not laugh when they meet each other, if only that they may behave properly before the people; if they are mere actors, the mask will be sure to drop off in time. Therefore we must not merely have a good heavy leaven of stupidity throughout, but it is highly desirable that we should have some thoroughly stupid rulers as well; though we admit that, if possible, they should be in the ornamental positions. The human race would not retain that due reverence for "enchanted wiggeries" which, in spite of Mr. Carlyle, is so exceedingly convenient, if there were not a sufficient number of heavy ministers to spin out pompous platitudes, not merely with an air of perfect conviction, but with the reality. In short, there is a certain quantity of inevitable twaddle to be talked in high places, which stupid men can talk so much more naturally than others, that it would be a pity that we should ever run short of them—not that there is the slightest risk of such a catastrophe. The same principle appears even more forcibly in theological questions. There will always be a certain spontaneous progress in theological opinions, which takes place by an imperceptible shifting of the meaning of the old phraseology. Narrow and superstitious dogmas may be gradually purified and made more compatible with an improved civilization, whilst the believers themselves are ignorant of the change. There is always this disadvantage about a sudden reformation, which avowedly interrupts the continuity of the faith, that it may shock the belief in old truths. If people always knew which way they were tending, every change must take place openly, and more or less violently. Fortunately, they are stupid enough to go on preaching doctrines which once meant bigotry and persecution, and which now mean nothing, and to boast all the time that their preaching is absolutely unaltered. If people are allowed to use their old language they can be easily induced to give up their old opinions, as soldiers will follow their flag however it may change sides. If this process takes place consciously, it involves a hypocrisy from which any sincere reformer would shrink; but, luckily, there are so many stupid men in the world that it goes on without exciting the suspicion of the principal agents, and to the great convenience of mankind.

Thus stupidity acts as a good steadying influence; it enables people to turn corners by a graceful curve, instead of an abrupt angle, and generally softens the shocks and collisions to which the world would otherwise be exposed. We may often observe on a small scale the same pleasant and, so to say, lubricating influence of stupidity in society. If two clever men come together who differ in opinion upon some exciting topic, such as the Jamaica prosecutions, they probably begin to argue—as if argument were not the very bane of all agreeable conversation. They manage

to pierce each other's armour at the weak places, to hit upon the most irritating topics, and to keep to the point in a manner calculated to be vexatious; for if two logical people really keep to the point, they must ultimately end by something like giving each other the lie. Now a stupid man acts in such a case as an admirable buffer. He is probably argumentative, but he prevents the argument ever tending to a conclusion. It rambles vaguely about and stirs up clouds of irrelevant topics, and gets bewildered and entangled till every one is glad to drop it. The fool behaves like the blunderer who interferes between two skilful opponents and prevents them from ever closing; probably he is run through the body himself, but as it is in a merely logical sense, he is perfectly insensible to the wound. In short, the presence of a few fools on such occasions dulls the force of the blows delivered. They act the part of the compound which, when mixed with gunpowder, renders it non-explosive; and society, which, if exclusively formed of clever men would be a mere arena for intellectual gladiators, becomes tolerably tranquil by reason of its fools.

In all these, and in many more examples which might be given of the beneficial effects of a certain admixture of folly, we have been merely considering the stupid variety of a fool. It must be admitted that the clever fool does not possess this admirably tranquillizing influence. On the contrary, he is one of the disturbing elements of society. A man who has plenty of brains, but little wisdom, must of course pursue an erratic and incalculable course. His political function is obvious. He may be used to demonstrate the futility of new reforms, when he acts as a leader; or, when acting under more capable guidance, to supply the rank and file of forlorn hopes. There are many clever men who have a talent for making any cause they adopt ridiculous—whether vegetarianism, or the conversion of the Jews, or manhood suffrage; and it is a fortunate coincidence when such men adopt a cause ridiculous in itself. The best way of making its absurdity conspicuous to the popular mind is to associate it irretrievably with an absurd character. In the case of genuine reforms, which have vitality enough to survive the satire directed against most incipient reforms, the clever fool is equally useful as a ridicule-conductor. He is an involuntary martyr, who advertises his cause sufficiently to attract the attention of able supporters. If the cause survives him, he has the chance of being canonized accordingly; and perhaps a good many of those admirable enthusiasts upon whom we look back as wise beyond their time merely had the luck to blunder into the right position. We should not diminish our gratitude to them so much as extend it to those who, with equal foresight and courage, had the misfortune of being in the wrong.

Without pursuing too far our investigation into the gratitude which mankind owes to fools, we must remark that it is only in their proper place that they are desirable. They may be useful as ballast, but very inconvenient when their weight is placed in more exalted stations. In fact there is a good deal of reason for holding that brains are more important than virtue in high positions. In private life it is probably true, according to sundry respectable aphorisms, that virtue in moderation is on the whole a good thing even in this life; but virtue, when it takes the common form of wrong-headed conscientiousness, is a highly objectionable peculiarity in rulers. A man of first-rate ability generally does more good than harm as a ruler, because it is obviously his interest to make things work well, and to get rid of obsolete machinery. Even when his personal motives are bad, a Cæsar or Napoleon has a sincere respect for facts, and a tendency to demolish fictions; whereas a ruler with a strong conscience and an inferior brain is the most likely of all men to justify a revolution. Hence the use of fools has very strictly defined limits, and we need never be afraid that the supply will not be quite equal to the demand.

THE PRIVACY OF THE DEAD.

MOST persons who have read the autobiography of Goethe will remember the passage in which he describes the anxiety of his acquaintances, after the publication of *Werther*, to discover the lady from whom he borrowed the character of Charlotte. Tormenting inquiries upon the subject pursued him all through his life. And, looking back on them, the author of *Werther* wanders into a slight digression about the way in which the public treats those whose mission it is to write for public instruction and amusement. Perhaps a man who publishes his own autobiography is not the person to complain of intrusions on his privacy. Those who, like Goethe or Rousseau, deliberately choose to "pose" in public, and to invite the microscopic attention of the curious, ought not to object to being stared at or even jostled by a crowd. In general, famous people are supposed at any rate to have a right to shut out the world from their drawing-rooms and their dinner-tables. Princes and princesses are believed to be an exception. Like the lions in the Zoological Gardens, they are national characters; and the public, which pays for them, wishes as far as possible to watch them even at their meals. Whether one Royal personage is on the best of terms with another, what is the exact level of matrimonial felicity among the princes and princesses who are grown up, and what the little princes and princesses who are not grown up say to the doctor who attends them for the measles, are topics of conversation at every village tea-table in the country. But, apart from such exceptional cases, a modified sort of privacy is permitted to great men during their lifetime. Occasionally the

"Flâneur" of a daily paper hunts them down at a club or an evening party, and regales his readers on the length of one hero's hair and the whiteness of another hero's teeth; but such importunesses are blamed and discountenanced by educated men and women. As soon, however, as a hero dies he loses his claim to the protection of good manners. Naked the literary giant came into this world, and naked he goes out of it. He leaves behind, for the inspection of the world at large, his character and his clothes, his manners and conversation, the cut of his coat and the colour of his hair, his acquaintances, his amours, and the exact shade of his theological opinions. All that he has had or enjoyed in life becomes the property of the literary harpies of the next age. Nobody thinks it wrong or indecorous to study the minutiae of his appetite, or his personal habits. The slaves of the lamp of one generation are always busy over the private affairs of their predecessors, the slaves of the lamp of the generation before. Not to know the chronological order of Lord Byron's intrigues, the secret history of Mr. Shelley's marriages, or the authentic details of Mr. Coleridge's opium-eating, is a sort of blot upon one's literary cultivation. The thoroughly-educated man is as much at home at Mr. Fox's dinner-table as at his own. It is the aim and object of our early studies to teach us to be able to button-hole all the illustrious dead—to call Tommy Moore by his Christian name, and to be facetious and omniscient about Mr. Wordsworth's stout coarse shoes. For the slave of the lamp, when he is buried, there is no more privacy. The more secluded has been his life, the greater the crowd which flocks to him when he is dead, and inquisitive biographers think no more of taking up their permanent quarters among his papers than the active tourist does of picnicking at the Pyramids or on the site of Veii.

An eminent Lord Chancellor is said to have once told the late Lord Campbell that his *Lives of the Chancellors* had succeeded in adding an additional terror to death. It may perhaps reasonably be doubted whether contemporary fame is an adequate compensation for the prospect of having one's life and letters subjected to the curious scrutiny of posterity. The two greatest poets that the world has ever known are singular in being an exception to the lot of their fraternity. Nobody knows anything about Shakespeare, and Homer—if there ever was a Homer—may at all events lay claim to the proud distinction of having successfully baffled the erudite efforts of biographers. But, with few exceptions, most great writers have been so dug over and explored that any privacy which they may have desired during their lives is utterly lost and sacrificed at their decease. The question is whether posthumous fame is worth this. One can well conceive of a great genius who calmly considered the matter in all its bearings, and who fully understood the eternal fuss that would be made by future ages about his neckhandkerchiefs and his juvenile indiscretions, coming deliberately to the conclusion that he preferred dying in obscurity. To be called Tommy to all time, and to have one's conjugal affection and one's capacity for toadyism canvassed by coming ages, is a prospect which would have made Mr. Moore think twice about writing *Lalla Rookh*. Even Dr. Johnson might have hesitated about the wisdom of composing *Rasselas*, and of conversing familiarly with Boswell, if he had been forewarned that his voracious way of eating, his difficulty about early rising, and his admiration of Mrs. Thrale would have been as immortal as *Rasselas* itself. The truth is that glory and immortality are by no means unmixed blessings. They entail upon defunct heroes a long course of literary persecution. The Stellas and Vanessas of a great author haunt him long after they and he are gone. There is no corner appropriated to the dead in which they can hide their precious secrets, and every lock of hair that the poet or the satirist conceals among his most cherished treasures, before many years are past, will inevitably be exposed upon the housetop.

It is a consolation to be able to believe that the dead whose privacy we overhaul so unceremoniously have usually died in profound ignorance of all the honourable publicity that was to be conferred on them. The most sanguine of them anticipated perhaps that their compositions or their achievements would endure, but they never dreamed of the zealous curiosity with which people would inquire into all their domestic affairs. Lord Nelson possibly expected that his fame would survive together with the history of the battle of the Nile or Trafalgar. He hoped for Westminster Abbey, but he did not know that Lady Hamilton's name would cling to him as closely as if it were his own epitaph. It is, however, one of the undoubted misfortunes of celebrity that it sheds a brilliant light, not merely on the hero, but on the hero's foibles, on the follies he has committed, and the false idols he has worshipped. Briseis lives as long as Achilles, and Frederika as long as Goethe. When we are all dead and buried, future antiquarians will rummage the historian's house at Chelsea, and the Poet Laureate's garden in the Isle of Wight. The question, therefore, cannot but suggest itself occasionally, whether it is desirable that the dead should never be protected. Nobody of course can claim any rights except as far as they are consistent with the interests of society. As the rights of property are subordinate to the welfare of the community at large, the rights of individual privacy depend upon the ultimate advantage of the world, and it may be that the interests of mankind and of literature demand that all the secret history of famous people should ultimately be laid bare to the noonday. The question, however, is one well worth settling. As it is, most people investigate all the mysteries of the past without the faintest scruple, but also without having definitely asked themselves whether in so doing they are

acting on a justifiable principle. There must be some rational and sound argument one way or other upon the subject, and it is as well to consider what it is.

Reserved and sensitive writers who object to this system of posthumous exploration must recollect, in the first place, that the system is one introduced by literary genius itself, not forced upon genius by a prying and inquisitive world. The fault rests with literature rather than with society. The bones of authors might sleep in peace but for the activity of other authors who come after them. But the past, as far as literature is concerned, seems so deeply interesting to the present, that writers are never satisfied with letting it alone, and a large percentage of the volumes published in one age are devoted to exhuming the memory of writers who have published volumes in the age before. The smallest anecdotes about one literary man supply materials for the pen of another, and thus literature is protected against running dry at the expense of the privacy of the dead. At the first blush of the matter, of course it seems hard that, because a man has composed a great poem or compiled a great history, his wife, his *ménage*, and even his *cuisine*, should be destined to be common possessions for all subsequent literature to deal with as it pleases. Give the world an inch and it asks an ell. Contribute to its progress a book, an invention, or a feat of arms, and it straightway drags from you, and devours with greedy curiosity, all that you did not propose to contribute to it, the story of your inner life and the secrets of your most private memoranda. So common and universal a custom cannot be without a good plea in its own defence; and the limitations imposed by common opinion upon such publicity help to throw light on the reasons why in general the privacy of the dead should be so little respected. As long as there are those living whose personal feelings are involved, the memory of the dead, by general consent, is regarded as a sacred thing. A deceased man's children are thought to have a claim to be considered, and any one who can honestly say that the violation of the privacy of the dead will wound or annoy the living invariably commands attention. Accordingly, private papers are often withheld from publication until the generation whose reputation or sensitiveness they might offend is gone, and no biographer who was not a brute would divulge the confidential secrets of any human being who might be injured by his disclosures. This sweeping exception to the rule of publicity shows on what principle the line is drawn. The dead as such, and except so far as they share their biography with those who are not yet dead, are considered to be the property of society. They have been transferred into the domain of history, and history recognises no right paramount to its own. The axiom on which its view rests is that it is a good thing for mankind that it should find out all it can about the past, and that no one should be able to cover up under a cloak of secrecy his most hidden motives. Human prejudice may be offended by such a law, but it is not easy to point out anything in it inconsistent with the best and highest interests of humanity. The only use of which a man can be to his fellow-creatures, when once he is no more, is to furnish them with the truth about himself. If he is not able to be either an exemplar or a warning, he can be a specimen and a study—one more contribution to the natural history of poets or philosophers, or whatever else his line in life may be. When we ask ourselves what just cause or impediment there is why this should not be so, there is really nothing to urge except a sort of blind and selfish instinct within us, that tells us it would be pleasanter to have some reminiscences at any rate buried with us in the grave. Pleasanter for the individual it certainly would be, but this is no proof at all that it would be better for the race. It may perhaps be said that, by a parallel course of reasoning, one might show that it was the duty of every good citizen to bequeath his body to the dissecting-room, in order that he might be of some service to science, when he could no longer be of service to anybody besides. The analogy, however, is not complete. First of all, such a destination of the remains of the dead would often be a shock and an outrage to the feelings of the living. But secondly, apart from all questions of private sensibilities, it must be taken to be an accepted fact that civilized communities find it more to their advantage to treat the remains of the deceased with pious reverence than to deal with them for purposes of science. There are cases in which the claims of science are ordinarily admitted; but most moralists will allow that experience and argument are in favour of the custom which at present obtains. If that custom were merely founded on individual caprice or instinct, it would not be worth much, but the instinct or caprice happens to be one which it is desirable and useful to preserve and foster. It is different with regard to the dead who by lapse of time have become disconnected with the current affairs of the living. It is not what they would have liked that is to be considered, but what upon the whole is best for all of us. And reason tells us that it is best that the dead should have no vested interest at all in what they leave behind them, whether it be their money or their name and fame. It is therefore a misnomer to talk of the privacy of the dead. The dead have no privacy, no secrecy, no reserve. They bring nothing into the world, and they must take nothing out.

On the whole, we do not doubt that this principle is a sound and moral one. Above all other considerations the welfare of society ought to predominate; but if there ever was a case in which society has the first claim, it is where her cause and that of truth are identical. It is not for the good of the world that the motives and inner characters of famous men should perish with them. Every effort made by them to obtain some protection against the curiosity of

the future is either a proof of weakness or morbidity, or worse. Human instinct is on their side, but human reason is not. It is by having their inmost confidences laid bare to future ages that great men, despite of themselves, are compelled to destroy the illusions they have fomented about themselves, to give up the deceptions behind which they have taken refuge, and to repair something of the harm they have done. As far as the living are concerned, hypocrisy has been said to be the tribute vice pays to virtue. When we come to deal with the dead, be they good or be they bad, the best tribute they can pay to virtue is, not hypocrisy, but truth.

MODERN PHARISEES.

IN a recent controversial work, a long chapter under the above heading is devoted to all the author's pet aversions, ranging from Literalists who insist on the plenary inspiration of Scripture, to Rationalists who reject Scripture altogether, and Romanists who make it of none effect by their vain traditions. All alike are Pharisees. This is perhaps an extreme instance; but if Gallio has been immortalized as the *bête noire* of preachers and divines, because he is supposed to have cared nothing for religion, the Pharisees, who are supposed to have cared a great deal too much about certain aspects of it, have scarcely been more fortunate. Various as are the points of the theological compass from which the subject is approached, they somehow always turn out to be the prototypes of that particular form of heresy, or rather that particular class of heretics—for the whole charm of the nomenclature lies in its personality—against which the writer is protesting. And yet it must be admitted that there is often, to the exoteric mind, a curious infelicity in the application. Thus, for instance, the anonymous author we have referred to begins with comparing the literalist school of bibliolaters to the Pharisees; yet every account of them we possess makes it their distinguishing characteristic that they supplemented the written word by an oral tradition. Dr. Goulburn again, in his latest publication, denounces the Ritualists as Pharisees, recognising probably some occult bond of connexion between phylacteries and chasubles. Yet, whereas the charge against the Pharisees was that they insisted on mere outward forms while emptying them of all spiritual meaning, the forefront of the Ritualists' offending is, on the contrary, that their ceremonial is designed to be the vehicle of a doctrinal and spiritual teaching to which their opponents vehemently object. Papists and Puritans have been indifferently, and pretty freely, saddled with the same unpolite sobriquet; indeed, when the word Pharisaical is thrown at any one's head, the presumption is that the speaker means to indicate whichever of those bodies he happens to dislike himself. Certainly the Puritans, if Master Nehemiah Solsgrace may be taken as a fair specimen, were given to making exceedingly long prayers on public occasions, whether for a pretence or not, but in most other respects they seem to have been singularly unlike their Jewish prototypes. On the other hand, the "proud Pharisee" of Protestant tradition—that is, the Pope and his satellites—suggests the idea of a pampered hierarchy, combining the profession of a persecuting creed and the hypocritical assumption of superior sanctity with indulgence in a luxury *potiore canis*. But Mr. Twisleton informs us, in *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*, that "it would be a great mistake to suppose the Pharisees were wealthy and luxurious, much more that they had degenerated into the vices which are imputed to some of the Roman Popes and Cardinals during the two hundred years preceding the Reformation"; and that it would be equally unreasonable "to charge them as a body with hypocrisy."

Another thing that makes this controversial appropriation of the Pharisees a little puzzling at first sight is that their great rivals, the Sadducees, have been made such unsparing use of for the same purpose. Sadduceism has so completely become the scientific term of theology for the indifferentism or unbelief of the day, and especially for the sceptical tone of modern literature, that one might have expected the undoubted orthodoxy of the Pharisees would have saved them. But then, to be sure, most orthodox persons, besides their common aversion to scepticism, have a particular aversion for some special form of heterodoxy, and it is very convenient to have a recognised Scriptural formula for the expression of both sentiments. If we were to look at all critically into the matter, we should perhaps conclude that the nearest approach to the Pharisees, in modern times, must be sought among the stricter section of Quakers, who really do attach a ludicrous importance to certain traditional and purely external formalities of dress and manner, quite disproportionate to their relative value as compared with the weightier matters of the law. But, oddly enough, we never recollect to have heard the name applied to Quakers; and for the obvious reason that they are not a sufficiently prominent or aggressive body to have roused the antagonism which vents itself in pious scurrility.

It may be admitted that this taste for calling names is deeply ingrained in human nature. In its earliest and happiest form we see it in schoolboy nicknames, which are very seldom ill-natured, and almost always hit the right nail on the head, as may be inferred from their often clinging to a man through life among his old friends. There is a kind of intuitive infallibility about them. The same taste crops out in after years, but it has lost its freshness, and more often than not has become too venomous to be either discriminating or courteous. Schoolboy nicknames fix with impartial accuracy on what commends itself to the searching analysis

of public opinion in the little world of school as the most salient feature of a boy's character, or manner, or outward appearance. Party nicknames, in nine cases out of ten, are simply a contrivance for exciting odium or contempt, and are framed on the good old principle, "Throw plenty of mud, and some is sure to stick." In ages of ruder civilization than our own—when, moreover, the general use of a dead language threw a veil of decent obscurity over many things shocking to ears polite—a scholar or theologian who differed from some rival authority as to the proper arrangement of the strophe in a Greek chorus, or the number of angels who could stand on a pin's point, contented himself with designating his opponent, whenever he had occasion to mention him, as *stultissimus et putidissimus iste*—adding, perhaps, in the case of the theologian, some significant intimation of his future destiny. The Reformation, of course, very largely enriched the available vocabulary of abuse, notable traces of which survived till a few years ago in the State services for the Fifth of November and the Martyrdom of King Charles. If it once came to be generally understood that the Pope was Antichrist and Rome Babylon, the names were worth whole folios of abstruse reasoning. The more cautious refinement of our own day has tabooed the vigorous cursing of our ancestors, but has not succeeded in eradicating, even if it has somewhat modified, the temper which suggested it. Abuse is still much more convenient than argument, and the most effective form of abuse in a civilized age is a defamatory nickname. Whether its application is historically just does not very greatly signify, so long as the desired impression is produced. The fishwoman whom O'Connell overwhelmed by telling her she was an isosceles triangle, or parallelo-piped, or some such mathematical term, had very dim conceptions of the etymological force of the appellation, but the sound was quite enough. And so it is with these religious sobriquets. Both Pharisee and Sadducee carry what logicians would call an ill connotation with them, though even the Sadducees, as we have before now taken occasion to observe, had their good points, and St. Paul owed his moral and intellectual build to the training of a distinguished Pharisee. There is, no doubt, a certain superficial sense in which Romanists, Ritualists, Puritans, sticklers for verbal inspiration, and despisers of inspiration, altogether may be plausibly designated Pharisees. In some cases, indeed, the true analogy points chiefly to the better side of Pharisaism. The Puritans were really distinguished from the Cavaliers by a stricter morality, as the Pharisees were from the Publicans; and, if reliance on oral tradition be the point of contact with Roman Catholics, it must be remembered that the Pharisees derived from tradition, and not from the letter of the law, their belief in the efficacy of prayer and in a future life. But still the sort of general impression that prevails about the Pharisees is that they were gloomy hypocritical formalists, and this is much what a modern writer wishes to convey when he uses the term to give expression to his theological dislikes. To such religionists it would be of little avail to point out that they are committing a double injustice. They are doing what in them lies to falsify history, and they are at the same time slandering their neighbours. We should have a much juster appreciation of the actual state and relations of Jewish sects in our Lord's time if we were not so accustomed to looking at them through the spectacles of our own estimate of religious parties in England; and that estimate would stand a better chance of being formed with some regard to facts if we were less eager to consecrate our hasty, and often groundless, prejudices by clothing them with Scriptural associations. Had we been brought into personal intercourse with Gamaliel, we should most likely have learnt to respect him as a high-principled man of exceptional ability and cultivation, however we might have regretted his failing to acknowledge the claims of Christianity. Why are we to assume that whole classes of Christians, in whom we think, or affect to think, we can trace some fanciful resemblance to his "Pharisaism," do not also reproduce his intellectual and moral worth? The real fact is that when we toss about these ugly nicknames—for ugly enough they are in our application of them—we are indulging exactly the same spirit of petty and stupid intolerance, though not in so coarse a form, as Dr. Cumming when he ransacks the Apocalypse for the proper prophetic designation of the last phase of Romish or Tractarian apostasy.

Nor only so. It will no doubt shock many excellent people to be told so, but it is none the less true that our favourite habit of calling names is, after all, but a sorry relic of the ages of persecution. Simon de Montfort did not probably trouble himself to invent Scriptural aliases for the Albigenses, whom he had a much readier method of dealing with. There could be no more impressive way of advertising the depravity of heretics than to march them in procession to the stake, clothed in San Benito costume, painted all over with the devils who were to be their companions for eternity. But when the partial failure and partial success of the Reformation had demonstrated that men equally good might be very unequally orthodox, and thus the conviction was gradually forced on society that to persecute was both inexpedient and unjust—inexpedient because it could not convert the erring, unjust because error is a mistake and not a crime—theologians had to find some other means of blackening the heretics they could no longer burn. When they were foiled in the attempt to get Luther into their hands for the latter purpose, they began, as Erasmus expresses it, to scream and curse—"heretic, heresiarch, schismatic, Antichrist, fool, and toadstool," being among the most approved appellatives. And Luther, to do him justice, was

equal to the occasion when he retaliated on the "hogs of Thomists" who assailed him, and compared Erasmus, who really took his side, as far as his timid nature allowed him, to Judas Iscariot. Our more fastidious refinement prefers the milder analogies of Pharisees, Sadducees, Gallo, and Pilate. A course of sermons was preached at the late Sir Robert Peel not many years ago, under this last designation, from the pulpit of Whitehall. The truth is that throwing mud is the modern substitute for lighting faggots, and we are not very careful what kind of mud we throw as long as some of it is sure to stick. The last generation of Englishmen were brought up to regard the whole history of the Church from the death of St. Paul or thereabouts to the time of Luther as what Swedenborg actually called it—the history of a great apostasy. Christendom was believed to have realized to the letter the dying prophecy of the Veiled Prophet:—

And they shall build me altars in their zeal,
Where knaves shall minister and fools shall kneel;

the knaves being the Catholic priesthood, and the fools the entire population of Europe who accepted their teaching. A writer of our own day, who is sufficiently removed from any Catholic leanings, observes that "wisdom, justice, self-denial, nobleness, purity, highmindedness are the qualities before which the freeborn sons of Europe have been contented to bow; and in no order of men were such qualities to be found as they were found six hundred years ago in the clergy of the Catholic Church . . . they were allowed to rule because they deserved to rule." Mr. Froude's estimate may be right or wrong, but it is worth remembering that it proceeds from the most Protestant of English historians, and that he is speaking of exactly that class of persons whom Protestant controversy has most delighted to honour with the name of Pharisees in its very worst sense. There is usually, of course, as we have already observed, some sort of similarity between the Pharisees and their supposed antitypes in our own day, but that need not at all necessarily be a reproach. Both Pharisees and Sadducees had their place in the Jewish system, though both had greatly degenerated at the time when we are most familiar with their history. And both have their proper place in society now. The men of intense, perhaps intolerant, earnestness, of strong conviction, of undoubting faith, and the men of broad views, of tolerant, if not latitudinarian, temper, more disposed to criticise than to believe—these, broadly speaking, are the counterparts in our own day of the Pharisee and Sadducee parties among the Jews; and the world, not to say the Church, has much to gain from both of them. Every religious movement has had its Erasmus and its Luther.

MAKING ALLOWANCES.

THE question of what allowances it is expedient, or our duty, to make in social life, is the domestic form of the great question of toleration. Toleration is allowing what we do not approve. And in the ways and modes of thought of most of the people we come in contact with—if we say *all*, whose experience shall contradict us?—there is something which goes counter to our ideas either of right or of good sense. The more we use our judgment, the more we cultivate taste and habits of reflection, the more we shall find in others that is contrary to our own views and practice. That this is not more apparent than it is, is due to that intuitive system of adapting our scale to another's standard which belongs to us as members of society, and which we follow, just as we breathe, without thought. We are told of tribes in Abyssinia, each individual of which is such an exact representative of the family tone in morals and intellect, that, when exposed in the slave-market, no personal characteristics are ever inquired for. Known the tribe, the man is known too. These people clearly have no allowances to make for one another. Uniformity of motives leads to a perfect uniformity of results, and harmony seems a necessary consequence. But we cannot arrive at peace in this way. If we live in harmony, it is by making allowances, by putting up with a good deal that our feeling or reason does not go along with. We probably don't think about it. Habit is a second nature; but let those who are most united in interest and affection separate for a while, and on coming together again they will be aware of a divergence; they will be aware of differences which it will need toleration to prevent from declaring themselves.

The great medium through which the practice of this virtue is pursued is of course knowledge of character. Once perceive certain innate qualities distinct from our own, and their manifestations become a source of interest and amusement, undisturbed by any notions of moral obligation to interfere with or correct them. Even when they are irritating in their nature, an indolent resignation to something that cannot be helped—that has its cause too deeply seated and too far back for remedy—preserves the nerves and temper from excessive perturbation. The study, indeed, ceases to be agreeable, and the student turns elsewhere; but toleration is still a natural and easy method with him, easier by far than any active endeavour to bring about a closer conformity. But there are some to whom allowances are not easy, and who regard every deviation from their own standard as a thing remediable, and therefore to be remedied. These are the martinets of society—people with an ideal, and with very little sympathy for the idiosyncrasies which disqualify other folks from reaching, or caring to reach, it. Their business is with the outside of things; and a very useful part they have to play in the

world. It is often a very good employment of power to make crotchety natures do the impossible, and conform themselves to the commonplace and the abstractedly fitting and graceful. Nevertheless, the power to make allowances is so indispensable to comfortable social intercourse that those who make none live really alone, by how many dependants soever they may be surrounded. The great question is, what sort of allowances to make, and where to stop. Most of us, no doubt, stop short of the real point of the demands of either reason or charity. But some are morbid and excessive in their allowances, dissolving all the obligations of society. They are like that old benefactor who, hearing that some persons whom he had greatly befriended abused and traduced him behind his back, excused them on the ground that they would not have said it if they had not thought it; or like Thackeray, who somewhere makes allowances which amount almost to justification of the petty thefts of domestic servants. And there are many who make allowances through mere perversity. It is indeed a very common method of snubbing a just and reasonable indignation; and ill-timed, far-fetched allowances are in this way a familiar token of the unsympathetic character. But, however ingenious, these should be regarded as mere exercises of the intellect—as contradiction cleverly disguised. No allowances are worth anything that do not cost something to the maker; and these vicariously charitable people show a very different temper when their own tastes and interests are infringed.

The State must tolerate, says Baxter, what is tolerable; and we must make allowances so long as they can be reasonably permitted. But to do this it is necessary to keep clear of certain specific vices of the temper and understanding. Scarcely any friendship is equal to the real demand made upon it in this regard. Indeed it is a proof of the deep universal belief in the depravity of human nature, that the friend whom a man has known for years, and who has never failed in a certain point, is ten to one suspected of failure on the very first occasion that his faith is tried. It is of the essence of jealousy, that cannot endure to be in the background, to make no allowances, through refusing to realize a whole range of interests, pleasures, and duties, in which the person cared for or beloved may be reasonably immersed to the prejudice of an exclusive occupation. Nobody who is not content to be second, and sometimes to be nowhere—an occasional eclipse inevitable in every human relation—can make due and sufficient allowances. This is the test of a really good temper as opposed to mere passivity. Where people want imagination to realize what is passing away from them, they are intellectually incapacitated from making due allowances; in fact, it needs a wide view of things, quickened by experience, to act on the knowledge that a person nearly allied to us may yet have absorbing interests entirely apart from our own, and to be satisfied under the conviction. This is the part of true love, as opposed to that which is selfish and exacting. Even—

Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep,
He scorns to slight her simple heart.

The difficulty of making allowances when we are led by some prevailing idea or aspiration is notorious. Thus Emerson, the transcendentalist and optimist, cannot, we are told, tolerate sickness in others. It stands in the way of a dream of perfection. No man is ill, but it is the gross development of some secret fault of his moral nature. "The sick man is utterly selfish. He is a ghoul feeding on all the house. Virtue is health." Hence it is greatest perhaps to make allowances where the sympathies cannot follow; to be content to be left behind and forgotten through the predominance of impulses to which there is no response. It is magnanimous to have a pet of any sort, and to excuse aberrations and discontents on the plea that

Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear.

On the other hand, partiality and old association make any excess of allowances easy to the most stupid and selfish.

Dulness with transport eyed the lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once.

So likewise do kindred pursuits, habits of thought, and exercises of ingenuity. The tortured casuist makes allowance for the difficulties of the man of the world, and tolerates in him subterfuges which he would denounce in the rude ascetic.

It is very common indeed for people to make allowances—just and fair allowances—in proportion to the distance that separates them from others. Such persons are more tolerant to enemies than to allies, and will allow liberties in strangers which they resent in others who have a greater right to take them. These are the people, more generous than just, whose instinct it is to make a flourish of their magnanimity. Of them we surmise was that Cosmo of the "desperate saying." "We shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies, but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends."

The rich and well-to-do have uniformly more allowances made for disagreeable peculiarities than the poor and dependent; and aware as we may be of this, and alive to the meanness and injustice of it, it is an error very difficult to avoid. Wealth and place seem to invest people with inalienable privileges to indulge caprice, pride, and self-will. The man of many houses and servants ranks among the pretty Fannys of the world. Whatever errors fall to her share,

Look in her face and you forget them all.

Good dinners, and an acknowledged place in the world, have more than the same glamour with people who would fain think themselves above it. What is odder than all this, people who make a

high profession, so it be only high and exacting enough, and carried off by a confident manner, will get allowances made for outrages against propriety, and even morality, for which poverty, ignorance, and temptation may look in vain. Every party, religious as well as secular, has its flagrant examples—favourites for whom allowances are made, lax and indulgent in proportion to the habitual severity of their apologist's judgment. Instead of granting that

To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie in need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars—

loyalty to an idol suggests a hundred plausible reasons for an exactly opposite standard of judgment. The king's lies—because they are his, because they emanate from the throne of judgment—are not lies in a true sense, but perverse accidents, not of the nature of the man. Antinomianism belongs to no one creed or party. Once fix on who are the elect, and there will always be people to declare that sin is not sin in them; and very good sort of people too, so long as they have never suffered in their own persons from the propensities so leniently dealt with.

A fastidious dislike to incompleteness, leading to a sort of hand-to-mouth criticism, errs frequently in the matter of tolerance. Children and fools, it is said, should never see a thing till it is finished; but people who are neither one nor the other, and are excellent sayers of sayings, will not recognise the progressive stage. Nature, in fact, does not finish as she goes along; her grandest work has its harsh, rude periods, for which allowance has to be made, and persons who judge by what they see, by all the inconveniences and roughnesses of the present, make indifferent prophets. There is no end to the allowance that ought to be made for childhood and youth. But after all, this is far more readily granted than the counter indulgence due from youth to age. Grumpy old fathers get small allowance either from their children or from the world. Yet what suppressed unknown worries may often lie at the bottom of the changed manner that makes it hard to recognize the genial playmate of his boys and girls in the testy senior of whom his family are afraid! Every person of sense makes allowance for any sudden ruffling of a temper uniformly serene. We know there must be something beyond our knowledge to account for it; but an accumulation of hidden causes producing more than an occasional cloud is beyond most people's fair dealing: while a consciousness of the right to indulgence is ever present with the man who knows the weight of his own burden, and assumes that others ought to guess it also. But this is too often a misplaced reliance on the common good-nature.

Yet, however much this social tolerance is a duty, it is one we shall do well to discharge modestly and without parade. The practice otherwise is too congenial to self-conceit—to that temper which leads Autolycus to exclaim, with such an immense allowance for the clownish credulity—

How blest are we that are not simple men.

In all intellectual points it can hardly be exercised without an assumption of superiority. Thus Sydney Smith could not apologize for the vulgarity or irreverence of some man's mirth without inferring his own keener discernment and finer tact, in the excuse, self-evident as soon as apprehended—"A man of small understanding is merry where he can, not where he should."

THE IRISH SPECIAL COMMISSION.

THE opening of the Special Commission at Dublin has not been signalized by the excitement which its origin seemed to justify. Not three months have elapsed since the whole of Ireland, except Ulster, was frightened out of its propriety by the overt signs of a widespread disaffection. It was believed that the whole class of the farmers and peasantry was prepared to rise. Drillings of large bodies of men by night were reported from different parts of the country. Large deposits of arms were found in Dublin and many considerable towns of the South. A day was stated to be fixed on which all this inflammable matter would be lighted by the torch of foreign incendiaries. The middle and trading classes were stricken with a panic. The gentry either fled with their families into the neighbouring towns, or sent them to England. The farmers withdrew their deposits from the banks, to bury them in old stockings, or under their thatched-roofs. All mercantile transactions were paralysed. Commercial travellers traversed the country without getting an order. Retail dealers ceased to sell their goods. At last the movement began, and almost as soon as it began it collapsed. After one successful, and two or three unsuccessful, attacks on the petty garrisons of some remote police barracks, the vaunted insurrection broke and vanished. Nothing remained but to capture and bring in the wretched mannikins who had been vapouring and drilling in the cause of the Irish Republic. Now that they are brought in and their trial begins, Dublin manifests less curiosity and less interest than might be roused by a regatta or a racecourse. The populace is indifferent to the fate of its *Bruti* and its *Gracchi*. The striplings who would have done away with the nuisance of property and the inconveniences of a government may be put in the dock, arraigned, and taken back, without a shout or a wail from the thousands whom they banded to enfranchise and to enrich. Even "the orator of the Bench," Chief Justice Whiteside, has to address an elaborate charge to an audience, not indeed small or inattentive, but still hardly worthy of the studied oration to which it is treated. The charge, indeed, was character-

istic of the place and the people. An English Judge charging on the same subject would probably have occupied half of his time and address in definitions of "treason," "sedition," and "treason-felony," and might have been compelled, by the form of some of the indictments, to expatiate fully and minutely on the legal definition of "conspiracy." A more extensive and less technical field is open to the diffusive rhetoric of an Irish judge. Nor is the difference one which inspires us with regret. It is right and good that the Irish people should be reminded of what was attempted and of what they have escaped. It is right to remind the forgetful and the apathetic that only a few short weeks ago many of the shop-boys who are now allowed to sell tape and thimbles in Grafton or Fitzwilliam Street, instead of munching prison-fare, were shouldering their muskets with the serious intention of dethroning the Queen of these realms, and substituting for her throne the presidency of a draper's assistant, a French teacher, or a dancing-master. It is well to remind that inert and passive mass of persons which is always acted on, and never acts itself in any revolutionary crisis, of the grotesque caricature of treason which the day-labourers, the young artisans, and the household servants of Dublin and its vicinity thought themselves brave enough and strong enough to enact; for that which has now been made a mockery and a farce by the exertions of others might, so far as the resistance of that class went, have been a very serious reality. And it is well to warn the populace of Dublin that a treasonable conspiracy concocted between beggarly pretenders and more beggarly dupes, founded on vain dreams of plunder, confiscation, and revenge, must end, as this has ended, in utter and complete prostration. A charge of this kind, under existing circumstances, is free from the reproach which is justly urged against political utterances from the judicial Bench. No question of party politics is involved in the trial of the madbrained youngsters who are indicted at Dublin. They will be tried, not for carrying party warfare to violent extremes, or for seeking a legitimate object in an illegal way, but for attempting the overthrow of all government and all law. Not only is a Judge warranted in condemning with the sternest severity conduct which, though ludicrous in its purpose, is hardly the less pernicious in its immediate effects; but he would be false to his duty if he paltered with the gravity of the case under the pretence of judicial moderation. There probably exists in Ireland at this moment a good deal of latent disaffection—disaffection vague, unreasoning, and almost purposeless, but awaiting only the removal of external pressure or the encouragement of foreign sympathy to burst out afresh. It is therefore the duty of every man in high station to speak out manfully, to denounce both the folly and the wickedness of sedition, and to convince its authors and abettors that not only the law of the land, but the learning, education, and intelligence of the country, are steadily adverse to it.

That the outspoken sentiments and firm attitude of men in every position of authority will do much to confirm the loyalty of the well-affected and to retard the defection of the wavering, we do not doubt. But we should commit as great an error in supposing that Irish sedition is a question of pure Irish politics as we should in computing the orbit of any one planet without reference to the attraction of other planets. The fact is that Fenianism is now more a factor of American than of English politics. It is a problem, not of two, but of three bodies politic. It is not only that the immediate instigators of sedition and the paymasters of its tools are American-Irish, but that the machinery of Fenianism itself is a function of American politics, if not of American Government. It is always in the power of some American faction or other, and it is still more in the power of the American Government, to set Fenianism in action, for the purpose either of exciting absolute civil war, or of mere temporary irritation and annoyance. There must be now more than a million Irishmen exercising the suffrage in the United States. These receive fresh accessions every year, which add to the weight and importance of the Irish vote. By and by the Irish party may become a far greater power than it is now—one which the politicians of the States will be anxious, not only to conciliate for a time, but to humour at all times. Now it is hardly worth while to avert our eyes from things which are unpleasant to look at, but which must be faced, sooner or later. What the one desire and ambition of an Irish party dominant in America, and dictating to the President no less than to the Legislature, would inevitably be, needs no special sagacity to predict. The wayward perversity which has preferred the ideal establishment of a Republic in Ireland to the practical creation of an Irish State in America would find an increasing adhesion among Transatlantic Cabinets and Congresses. Whenever there was a lull in national politics, or whenever the excitement of national factions made a diversion to foreign politics expedient, the resuscitation of Fenianism would afford a convenient occupation for the partisan and the Minister alike. Political knowledge is asserted by the Liberal "friends of humanity" to be on the increase in the great Western Republic; but it may be questioned whether political morality has not signally retrograded. The actions of conspicuous American politicians would seem to indicate a partiality rather for adroit mischief than for commonplace rectitude. The patriotism which recognises a danger to the institutions of the Republic in the Confederation of the North American Colonies is as hypocritical as the philanthropy which feels for Irish grievances, or the caution which takes time to consider the status of Fenian belligerents. In either case the object is injury to Great Britain, not protection to the United States. But, however dishonest may be the motives

which influence the conduct of American statesmen, or however shallow the pretexts by which they are disguised, their tendency is not the less formidable. It is no slight power to be able at any time to disturb England with the apprehension of an Irish rebellion. And it is no slight accession to this power to have no earthly scruple in using it. These are our dangers; and they must be met legally, constitutionally, and calmly, but at the same time firmly and unflinchingly. So long as moderate precautions suffice to crush the machinations of the seditious, the ordinary penalties of the law will suffice to punish them. If, however, repeated risings should prove the insufficiency of the punishment, then a sterner course must be adopted in self-defence. It is now the good fortune of Chief Justice Whiteside to preside at the trial of prisoners whose criminality has not yet roused the terrible passions of political vindictiveness. The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland sits in Dublin with no greater array of martial aid or military menace, to try Irishmen who have defied the law by sedition, than would have surrounded the Lord Chief Justice of England sitting in London to try Englishmen accused of having exceeded the law by their zeal in combating sedition. The forms and procedure of justice remain unchanged. The prisoners have been madly wicked; the law remains majestically calm. The time may come—sooner than most of us expect, and sooner than any man can desire—when the orderly routine of the law of the land may prove inadequate for the preservation of public order. In the meanwhile, the best answer that can be given to the indiscriminate denunciations of English rule in Ireland is given by the constitutional treatment of political prisoners.

MONDAY'S FIASCO.

ON a recent occasion we pointed out the fact that government by party was, to all appearance, extinct. With the substance it is a pity that the shadow has not departed. Chamisso invented the wild fiction of a man who sold his shadow; but Mr. Gladstone is an inverted copy of Peter Schlemihl. He moves about and summons the great Liberal party, and rejoices in his crowded saloons; and, animated by the course of the faithful, enters into his policy, and dictates the future of England; but he is not aware that he is only dictating to shadows which have no bodies. The Caucus of Friday week, as it is irreverently called, embodied many elements of the sublime. It rather approached in dignity the later form of theological utterances which prevails in modern papal Rome. Mr. Gladstone's familiarity with Italy, and his recent visit to Rome, has infected him with much of the sonorous verbiage and long rolling, surging waves of talk which we are accustomed to in Allocutions, and Briefs, and Bulls. He does not debate or take counsel as with equals or assessors. His is the more elevated and unearthly function of announcing what is truth, and of prescribing duty, which must be preserved and discharged simply and solely because it is dictated on infallible authority. Such was the great Opposition leader's position on Friday. We are not going in this place to canvass the policy which he announced. The famous Instruction may have had its merits or its demerits. There was, however, this about it, that it was not very intelligible to mere outsiders. The Government Bill is read in very opposite senses. Sir Stafford Northcote is still honestly persuaded that it is a most Conservative measure, while many advanced Liberals dislike it because it is, if not immediately, yet remotely, ultra-democratic. Of course, therefore, it was to be expected that the Instruction should be of crystalline clearness. Whether it was so or not may be judged by the curious circumstance that it was said to recommend itself equally to the Tory Cave and to Mr. Bright. A more forcible testimony to the ingenuity, which is not the same thing as ingenuousness, with which the Instruction was drawn, is not required. And Mr. Gladstone evidently liked this last and noblest result of his subtle intellect. Merely to have devised it was, however, honour enough for him. He could afford to admit a partner to his glory. With an engaging and pleasing modesty he delegated the task of recommending the Instruction to the House to the ablest lieutenant of his host. Napoleon, when he was sure of success, could generously afford to throw a stray victory to a favourite Marshal. So was it with Mr. Gladstone when he announced that Mr. Coleridge was on Monday night to lead the great party to a crowning and decisive triumph. He did not say what was to follow on a successful diversion. He still clung to the old hollow profession of extreme courtesy to the Government. Far be it from him to propose the Instruction in any hostile sense, or indeed to do anything which could ruffle the tenderest susceptibilities of Her Majesty's servants. Above all things he desired that a Reform Bill should be carried by the present Government. The monkey was animated, we make no doubt, by a very honest and sincere desire that the chestnuts which he meant to eat should be got out of the burning embers by any other paws than his own. A pressure, to be sure, was necessary and unavoidable; but still it might be made pleasant. It was to be like the sweet violence of love—firm yet gentle; studiously divested of anything like offence. Every semblance of hostility must be avoided. Anything more genial, more plausible, more dexterous, more pretty-behaved, as ladies say, could not be conceived. No wonder that Mr. Gladstone smiled a paternal and gracious smile on his offspring.

But, though pleased, and almost chuckling, Mr. Gladstone did not forget his dignity. With a proud humility he informed his party that, having been honoured with their confidence, he felt quite sure that they would see what his position as the Liberal

leader demanded. When two men ride on one horse one must hold the reins. The Instruction was the result of long and careful thought. Hitherto what had been done with the Reform Bill had been in accordance with his policy. Some cynics present at the Caucus might well have felt that, after all, it was not much to boast of. Not so Mr. Gladstone. He reviewed with unctuous satisfaction his past successes, and made a free use of the first person singular:—"At our last meeting I stated that I abandoned all idea of opposing the second reading"; "In determining to abandon this opposition, I bound myself to" this, that, and the other. Now "I find it necessary" to do something else. "I shall go forward and discharge my duty." United, we must succeed; divided, we must fail. "To attempt the impossible is not the act of a rational man; but to attempt the possible is." "Our attempt will become entirely hopeless unless we are able to adopt a common course and to pursue that course. Rely on it, nothing is more certain than this, that total failure and discredit await us in the country unless we can pull together." A superb self-reliance and a generous confidence in the loyalty of his troops was never more forcibly expressed; nor perhaps was ever such a fine flux of iteration, and so forcible a pleonasm of emphasis and confidence. "You can only obtain concessions by showing your power; whatever concessions you show your power to obtain for yourselves you will obtain." Therefore the Instruction to be enforced at the sword's point is this: "That the Committee have the power to settle the law of rating"—the notion of a Committee of the House of Commons having the power of legislation sounds odd, but let it pass—"and to provide" certain and other things, of a very delicate and not very intelligible sort. This proposition was met, we are told, by loud and unanimous cheering.

Unanimous, however, as was the gratulation, it did not prevent a veteran Liberal, Mr. Locke, from hesitating and hinting, in the most guarded and placid accent, a doubt and a difficulty. But Mr. Locke was soon disposed of. It wanted no one more dignified than the jacks to set down such incipient insubordination as this. The lion had roared, and all the lesser beasts must crouch and be silent. So Mr. Ayrton sat upon and extinguished Mr. Locke. After this it was simple frenzy in such a nobody as Mr. Clay to follow Mr. Locke, and it could only have been in the sheer impudence of despair that he avowed his conviction that "the Instruction is fatal to the Bill." Mr. Clay's poor head was in Mr. Gladstone's mouth, and it was snapped off immediately and decisively, and with a crunch of the jaws and smack of the lips that showed that the gory morsel was toothsome. The king of beasts rose in his might, and for once was very intelligible. "It is totally impossible for me, under any circumstances and conditions whatever, to accept Mr. Clay's suggestions." "So long as I am your leader I must consider the ground on which I move. . . . I do not doubt Mr. Clay's good intentions, but I cannot accede to his suggestions." And so the matter ended, for we are not going into Mr. Bright's proffer of allegiance and fealty, for that might lead us into tedious speculations on his sincerity. Mr. Gladstone burned his ships on the spot, and a good many people spent their Sunday in political disquisitions and surmises which were perhaps less necessary than Lord Cranborne's arithmetical studies. Well; Monday came—*consedere duces*—the House was crammed, the conquering hero was in his place. But we are not going to dilute the significance of what happened. It never can be forgotten. Parliamentary history has few such incidents on its records. All the commonplaces of describing it as a scene of humiliation and disgrace and discredit would fall short. The step between the sublime and the ridiculous had been passed, and inextinguishable laughter closed the scene. The very one and only thing which Mr. Gladstone pledged himself not to accept "under any circumstances and conditions whatever," he accepted; and for once his words were few and were not eloquent. The very thing happened which he had just said would entail on him and his total failure and discredit with the country. The thing itself may not be so serious as this, nor even so very material; for the tail of the Instruction which he pledged himself not to cut off, and which was cut off, Mr. Gladstone has found a way of stitching on again. The future of the Reform Bill was not settled by Mr. Gladstone's *fiasco*. But Mr. Gladstone is. His mismanagement would have left Mr. Disraeli master of the board, had not he in turn resolved, as he has often done before, to show that he knows as little as his great rival how to manage his own business. This accident is only the latest but strongest illustration of the Liberal leader's total inability to lead a party. Over and over again he has been warned not to be studiously offensive, not always to be dealing in superlatives, not always to be so very earnest, decisive, incisive, and austere. But his tongue gets the better of his judgment. When he makes a speech—and we have no doubt he orders up fresh coals in a set oration—he is no longer himself; or rather he is himself. That self is the self of an orator, not of a statesman. Talk is his *raison d'être*. And when his mouth is open, the veriest trifles and the most questionable details must be settled with a precision, and an accuracy, and an exhaustive pursuit of them into the most remote and all but impossible consequences, which is a delightful intellectual study, but worse than useless in politics. Had not Mr. Gladstone made such an admirable, and such a very conclusive and dictatorial, speech on Friday, he would on Monday have been saved the mortification of seeing that utter discomfiture, if not disruption, of his party which even Earl Russell could not have compassed.

MR. CORRY'S MINUTE.

THE division on Mr. Lowe's recent attempt to upset the new Education Minute conclusively proves that the House of Commons does not share the belief which the author of the Revised Code, with the natural partiality of a parent, evidently entertains as to the absolute perfection of that famous instrument. In Mr. Lowe's eyes the Revised Code is a sort of sacred cow, not to be touched by profane or sacrilegious hands, or, as he puts it more curtly, not to be "tinkered." Vice-Presidents may come and Vice-Presidents may go, as they have done in rather quick succession of late. They may see what they think blots and blemishes in the Council Office machinery; they may long to remove or amend them; but their longings must be repressed. They must restrain their itching fingers, and leave the beautiful edifice of their distinguished predecessor unaltered in a single detail. Now, to any one who knows what the Revised Code really is, this pretension is simply ridiculous. As a rough-and-ready method for securing certain educational results, not in themselves the most valuable, it works tolerably well. The best that can be said of it is that it acts as an extinguisher on flashy unsound teaching; the worst, that it produces, and stamps with a Government imprimatur, a type of instruction as dull, mechanical, and unintelligent as it would be possible to find—a type of instruction which bears as much resemblance to vigorous intellectual training as Gladstone claret does to choice old Burgundy. It is this Code forsooth—which, if it has done much good, has also done no little harm—that we are to regard as being as much above criticism and improvement as the Emperor Sigismund was above grammar. The amusing thing, however, is to find Mr. Lowe deprecating changes in our educational system. *Quis tulerit Gracchos?* The reformer who made a clean sweep of the educational institutions which he found in existence now implores the House of Commons not to allow any one even to "tinker" his work. All his powers of argument and illustration are employed in urging the inexpediency of tampering with a great institution for the sake of a paltry and problematical improvement. Yet, if ever a man burnt down his house to roast his pig, it was Mr. Lowe when he pulverized the whole educational fabric to do what a circular instruction to his Inspectors would have done equally well. There is something exceedingly diverting in the Nemesis that threatens to overtake him. Time the Avenger is on the track. As he has done to Sir J. K. Shuttleworth and his work, so will another do to him and his work. There will not even be an amiable Mr. Walpole to defend, and then surrender it to the assailant. A Vice-President has arisen who disclaims all knowledge of political economy—nay, openly scoffs at it amid the cheers of the House. And there are only nine-and-thirty political economists to respond to Mr. Lowe's appeal—rather a novel appeal in the mouth of the author of the Revised Code—to respect the susceptibilities of school-managers, and the pockets of schoolmasters, by marching into the same lobby with him.

But, whatever may be thought of the tone which Mr. Lowe adopts on this question, there is no doubt much force in some of his objections to this Minute. It appears to us to be the work of a mere experimentalist. Crudity and clumsiness are stamped on every line. The frank revelations which Mr. Corry has volunteered as to its genesis are hardly calculated to prepare one for a very profound and statesmanlike treatment of the matter at his hands. The stress laid on the little boy whom the late Vice-President personally interrogated and found so much in the dark about London, and the reiterated references to a solitary school in which the engagement of a pupil-teacher largely increased its annual grant, suggest a tendency to rush to a generalization on somewhat insufficient evidence. To come, however, to the Minute itself—its object, as we understand, is threefold. It is intended (1) to afford more aid to small rural schools, (2) to revive the teaching of geography, grammar, and history, (3) to secure a more efficient supply of pupil-teachers. Now we shall give some reasons by and by for thinking that its effect in arresting the deterioration in what is called the pupil-teacher system will be altogether inappreciable. Will it then, we proceed to ask, succeed in securing those other two objects which it has in view? The first thing about it that strikes us is the strange absurdity of attempting to combine in one Minute two objects that have no connexion with each other. Under its provisions all schools alike are to receive an additional grant of 8*l.*, on condition that a higher branch of instruction is taught in them. But what the Minute ought to secure is that the additional aid shall reach the schools that want it, and the additional instruction the schools in which it is wanted. Unless it does these two things its effect will be, not merely nugatory, but mischievous. Now there can be no doubt that by far the greatest portion of this supplementary grant will be absorbed by the larger urban schools, which have no need of it, and in which the higher subjects are at this moment taught. A dribble will reach the small rural schools, but hampered with the condition of teaching the child of the field-labourer things which, in his case, are of altogether secondary importance. We have then this whimsical result—that nine-tenths of the money which the Minute offers will go to precisely the schools that do not want it, and that the particular instruction which it is its object to encourage will be forced on schools in which it ought not to be a requirement. In other words, the Minute does exactly what it ought not to do, and leaves undone the thing it ought to do. An additional gratuity is

tossed to the rich school, and an additional burden saddled on the poor school. This muddle is the result partly of trying to do two incongruous things at one stroke, and partly of the incomprehensible reluctance on the part of the Education Office to draw a line between rich schools and poor. Each of these classes has its special features and needs. Each requires separate legislation. To apply one Procrustean measure to all schools alike, urban and rural—or worse still, to jumble them up, as this Minute does, in a sort of hotchpot—is simply absurd. The first step towards affording small rural schools any effective aid is to give their case a separate and special consideration. In a timid and tentative way the Education Office has done something of the kind. It has, for instance, relaxed the rigour of its rule as to a certificate, so far as to allow a sort of chrysalis, known as a provisionally certificated teacher, to take charge of a small rural school. And now it is proposed, with the approbation of every one, to dole them out a little more money. So far, good; but why extend this additional bounty to their wealthier neighbours also? Because you give a starving beggar a loaf, are you bound to go on and present every smug tradesman in the place with one? Mr. Corry talks quite *en grand seigneur* of the smallness of the sum. Eight pounds may be a mere bagatelle in his eyes, but if it were eight shillings or eight pence, it would make no difference. We cannot see a shadow of reason for bestowing a single farthing of the public money where it is not wanted, and upon schools some of which have gained rather than lost by the action of the Revised Code.

But, in order to estimate fully the amount of benefit which the Minute confers on small country schools, we must not omit to notice another condition annexed to this additional grant of 8*l.* Besides teaching one of the higher subjects, every school, to obtain this money, must engage a pupil-teacher if the number of children in average attendance exceeds 65. So that a school with 70 or 80 children will be in this position—it will receive 8*l.* on condition that it spends at least 10*l.* The average cost of a pupil-teacher under the Old Code, as quoted by Mr. Lowe, was 15*l.* a year. Mr. Corry is quite correct in saying that under the Revised Code it has been considerably reduced. But we say with confidence that the average cost of a male pupil-teacher is not less than 10*l.* a year. Here then is a Minute, professing to afford aid to small country schools, the direct operation of which will be to create an annual deficit in their balance-sheet of at least 2*l.* Mr. Corry points to the recuperative effect of the pupil teacher's exertions. He knows a case—a solitary case—in which the engagement of a pupil-teacher increased the annual grant by thirty per cent. All we can say is that the pupil-teacher referred to must be a most valuable young person, whose services probably are not to be procured except at a figure which it would be a mockery to name to the managers of a small country school. It is said that the schools with an attendance slightly over 65 are comparatively few in number. We very much doubt it; but if there be a single one which Mr. Corry's Minute will affect injuriously, his Minute is condemned. It is evident that in this part of his scheme, as in that which relates to the teaching of geography and the sister subjects, Mr. Corry has made a bungling attempt to do two things at once. He wants to provide for the future supply of pupil-teachers, and he wants to help poor schools. The two objects are totally distinct, and should be kept so. Instead of this, he so contrives his machinery that the provision for an adequate supply of pupil-teachers shall neutralize the aid to be given to poor schools. No wonder that the country clergyman, weary of his repeated ascents of the greased pole which the Council Office insists on his mounting in pursuit of his leg of mutton, is not particularly satisfied with the prospects which this Minute opens. We hear no extraordinary expression of gratitude for Mr. Corry's bounty from its destined recipients. On the contrary, the indications are the other way. Country managers are looking their gift-horse in the mouth most suspiciously. They are deliberately preparing to forfeit the boon. A meeting of teachers "of all denominations" at York pronounces it unsatisfactory. A "Vicar and Rural Dean" writes a plaintive letter to the *Times* of April 10th, in which, after describing his own exertions in the cause of education, he goes on to say that "the new Minute will utterly deprive us of any hope of benefitting from the grant of public money. . . . History, grammar, and geography, as separate items of instruction, are utterly out of the question. . . . The present requirements of the Code are as much as it is possible to attain to in an examination, and it is consummate folly in the Committee of Council to lay heavier burdens on us. They cannot be borne, and will hopelessly defeat the end in view." Justice, we are told, must be thought to be justice. If the same thing be true of official liberality, there does not seem to be much chance of Mr. Corry's earning any great credit for the possession of that virtue. He flings his largess to the rural schools, and there comes back a wail about increased burdens. He sets in motion on their behalf all the ingenuity of which he is master, and is told for his pains that his wisdom is "consummate folly."

We come now to the third object which this Minute has in view—the maintenance of an adequate supply of pupil-teachers. We have already intimated the opinion that its effect in this respect will be inappreciable. Our reason for thinking this is that it aims at remedying the numerical deficiency only, and does not attempt to arrest the deterioration in the body, which is the real evil. It is not merely that their numbers are dwindling, but that their efficiency is sapped. We do not say that it is now possible to restore that efficiency. It went with the crash of six years ago.

But it is worth while to recall for a moment the causes to which it was due. They were two—continuity of service, and the incentive to industry supplied by the knowledge, on the part of the pupil-teacher, that his pay depended on his examination. Both these guarantees were swept away by the Revised Code. Could any one with the slightest knowledge of human nature doubt what must follow? Is it to be supposed that a pupil-teacher will remain as steady and industrious when he can throw up his post in the first fit of passing disgust, and is year by year subjected to an examination in which there is no credit to be won, and on which no stipend depends? Whatever it may be to the master and his scholars, to him the day of inspection is a mere *brutum fulmen*. The glaring inconsistency of this with the loudly proclaimed principle of "payment for results" was long ago pointed out in this journal. It was with much satisfaction then that we observed, in the *Times* of last Monday, a letter from Mr. Lowe, enclosing a very sensible resolution drawn up by some Yorkshire schoolmasters. It is worth quoting, since Mr. Lowe says "he ought to have read it to the House," which means, we suppose, that he approves of its purport. It runs thus:—"That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable that the principle of the Revised Code—payment for results—should be extended to the annual examination of pupil-teachers, for, since the withdrawal of payments consequent on their passing their examination satisfactorily, the chief stimulus to diligence in their studies has been taken away, and, as a result, the attainments of pupil-teachers are lower than before its (the Code's) introduction." Could Mr. Lowe have possibly read to the House a more pointed condemnation of his own educational policy on a point of vital importance?

DEMOCRACY AND COURT-DRESS.

AN extremely curious debate is reported to have recently taken place in the House of Representatives at Washington, on the subject of clothes. A distinguished writer in our own country has taught us the emblematic significance of clothes, and has in a manner based an entire philosophy of life and human nature upon them. Nobody who has studied the close connexion which exists between each element of conduct and feeling and every other element, can be in the least surprised to find that a democratic polity seems to lead to democratic manners and costume. All one's ideas move together, with varying degrees of intensity, but at the bidding of a common impulse. Emancipation from imaginary slavery to one of those typical tyrants whom excited poets accuse of devouring the earth leads to a vast number of results which have no immediately political connexion. In a State founded on the conception that all men are equal, all sorts of social consequences flow from what at first seems an exclusively political idea. You must not have different classes of railway carriages for different orders in a country where, theoretically at least, there are no orders. You may expropriate at your own sweet will in a free country. You may go to dinners and to balls in a frock-coat, or a shooting-jacket, or anything else you like, among a people where one man's idea of what is becoming is quite as respectable and authoritative as another's. The debate, however, to which we have referred, and the resolution which was carried in consequence, implies an extension of these free social principles for which one was hardly prepared. For the future no representative of the great Republic at a foreign Court is to wear the Court-dress of the country to which he is accredited. This curious piece of legislation is due to Mr. Sumner, who introduced the resolution into the Senate. In the Lower Chamber it gave rise to unbounded jocosity. One honourable member, it appears, moved an amendment, not only forbidding a diplomat from wearing Court-dress, but also prescribing the kind of dress which he shall wear on great occasions. Among other items in this proposed costume, there was to be "a cocked-hat looped up with an American eagle," and "a swallow-tailed coat with stars and stripes on the tails, butternut pantaloons, close-fitting yellow stockings with gaiters, and a buckskin vest with one side black and the other side white." But this elegant humour was far exceeded by another gentleman, who moved "that diplomatic agents shall not be permitted to wear any Court-dress except such as shall be prescribed, and the patterns drawn, by the *chief tailor of the nation, who is now presiding over its destinies*." This graceful reference to the fact that Mr. Johnson had once been a tailor was at once seen to be so steeped in wit and fancy that the House was convulsed with laughter. Some English people are very angry at this, and insist that it is only in a democratic country that a man could be taunted with the lowliness of his origin. This, however, is a mistaken view of the matter. The speaker, himself a man of low origin, did not mean what he said as a taunt, but as a joke and bit of humour. Even from this point of view it is bad and rude enough. The joke is a specimen of that sort of fun which consists in throwing yourself ironically and for the moment among a set of ideas which are not your own, and measuring an object by an alien standard. Mr. Covode may have tried to realize the feelings of the aristocratic Courts, and may for the time have identified himself, in a moment of grim jocosity, with their way of looking at a Chief Magistrate who had once been a tailor. To our notions, of course, the humour is a shade too grim to be decent. But American irony sticks at nothing. Some of the most characteristic of American jests, though they do not often get into print, turn upon a peculiarly daring treatment of things of which sober persons

usually speak with bated breath. Such a gibe as this against the chief tailor presiding over the national destinies is not the product of the political ideas of the United States, but a mark of the stage of manners at which they have arrived. It would be impossible in our House of Commons; not because the House represents oligarchic ideas in politics, but because we have a very long civilization at the back of us, while the Americans have only a very short civilization. One wishes very much that the Americans would advance rather more rapidly in the pursuit of the amenities; only let us not father on democracy the offences against good taste and fastidiousness which are really due to the social state, and which after all are not a bit more repugnant to modern politeness than the manners of our own senators a generation or two back—and they were aristocratic enough in all conscience.

Mr. Covode's humour, however, and that of the gentleman who proposed a swallow-tailed coat with stars and stripes on the tails, were both quenched by Mr. Banks, who took up seriously what these two wits had taken up jocosely. The question whether the American Ambassadors should wear spotted waistcoats, shoe-buckles, swords, and so forth, was no joke to him. Somehow or other, in his eyes, it involves the supremacy of the United States. By an inscrutable mental process, the shoe-buckles and swallow-tails recalled to the mind of Mr. Banks the alleged prophecy of Turgot, that the United States would prove to be the Carthage of the modern world. Mr. Banks put a truly remarkable and original interpretation upon this. For it is usually supposed that in the ancient world Carthage was, on the whole, something like a failure. At all events, nobody thinks that the Carthaginians impressed their ideas very deeply or permanently on the surrounding world. But people like Mr. Banks choose to have new theories of history, just as they choose to have everything else new. So he supposes that the Carthaginian function which the United States are destined to fulfil in the great State-system of the modern world is to impress new notions upon the mind of Europe. For the future, the grand storehouse of fertilizing ideas for Europe will no longer be the mystical East, but the more fresh and glorious West. We are to begin simply, and to advance gradually from things small to the very greatest. Breeches will be the form in which American missionary effort will first touch the heart and understanding of Europe. Her initial function is to teach Europe how to dress. If an Englishman goes to the Court of Dahomey, Mr. Banks might ask, does he doff his own habitual raiment and don a fig leaf, a string of beads, and a hat? Why then should an American citizen at St. James's or the Tuileries array himself in a flowered satin waistcoat, a snuff-coloured coat, and a sword, simply because the barbarous etiquette of those Courts prescribes such absurd and incongruous apparel? Europeans ought to be taught better, and the only way to instruct them is to refuse compliance with a preposterous usage. *Longum est iter per precepta, breve et efficax per exempla.* Mr. Banks apparently believes in an original and peculiar modification of the famous saying of Fletcher of Saltoun. Let who will make laws for Europe, provided America may furnish the pattern for its coat and breeches. Mr. Sumner is much too sensible a man to sympathize with this extraordinary and most exalted notion of the business of American representatives in Europe. It is said, indeed, that he brought the motion forward, not in order to favour Europe with choice specimens of American or Carthaginian tailoring, but simply because that powerful originality on which his nation so justly prides itself had impelled some of the Ambassadors to devise Court-dresses for themselves, so fearfully and wonderfully made as to fill every decent American who saw them with an unpleasant awe or equally unpleasant shame. From this point of view, the resolution forbidding the Ambassadors to appear in any dress but that of an ordinary American citizen assumes the air of a distinct mark of respect to our feelings. What is intended is not that Europe shall be proselytized, but that it shall cease to laugh at the costumes of too original and inventive Americans. That constructive genius which is so strikingly exhibited in everything practical, from iron-clad ships down to apple-parers, for some reason or other breaks down when it comes to trousers and coats. The truth is that an æsthetic element enters into breeches. And the Americans have been too busy with more urgent and practical affairs to attend much to this department. They are weak in æsthetics, and they are therefore weak in tailoring. Yet we are not sure that, even from the æsthetic side, they are not right in their new resolution. Take the Court-dress of St. James's, for example. What can be more ugly, unreasonable, and inconvenient than the costume in which, on great occasions, respectable gentlemen are made to figure? "They will be mistaken for butlers and men-servants," one gentleman said, in deprecation of Mr. Sumner's motion, "if they only dress like an ordinary American citizen." Most men, however, who have arrived at a decorous middle age would, we should think, much rather run the risk of being mistaken for butlers than expose their wretched shanks to the cold of the atmosphere and the suppressed ridicule of the multitude. A calfless great man—and it is surprising how often great men are calfless—will look with envy upon the American who can clothe his legs in the decorous obscurity of trousers.

It is a little difficult to keep from laughing at the idea of so much fuss being made about so unimportant a concern. Still it is worth remembering that, no further back than the commencement of the present Parliament, some commotion arose in our own House of Commons because two of its most distinguished

members, Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright, objected to attend the Speaker's dinner in the prescribed costume, and therefore could not attend at all. And then there was the recent diplomatic thunderstorm aroused by the refusal of the Pope's porter to admit a vehicle drawn by a single horse, even though behind the single horse sat the representative of the potent Bismark. To all expostulation the porter only replied with his august master's usual *Non possumus*. If one thinks of etiquette run to seed in this imbecile fashion, there is something rather sensible in the American resolution to have nothing to do with a system which develops such monstrous silliness. Imagine a big sheaf of despatches being written about the conduct of the Pope's porter in refusing to admit a one-horse brougham. This sort of snobbish spirit is common enough among *parvenus* and upstarts, but it is amazing in an old-established family like that of the Vatican. There, if anywhere, we should think they could afford to know mere one-horse people. Compared with folly like this, at any rate, the line taken by the *parvenus* of the West is worthy of all admiration. There is so little danger of our having too lax a code of etiquette in Europe, that an infusion of unceremoniousness from the West is not likely to do us any harm. It is more likely to do us good, by stimulating us to trush away a certain portion of cobwebby usage which does not make public life any more dignified, while it does make it decidedly less wholesome and free.

PICTURES IN THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE first thing an English artist cares about, when he visits the great collection in the Champ de Mars, is the position of the English school, and the probable influence of its exhibition on Continental opinion. We cannot think that the choice of works sent has been made with judgment, if we consider it with reference to the effect that they are likely to produce upon foreign critics. Landseer, for example, is represented by one of the most trifling and vulgar performances he ever, in hours of idleness, threw off for the gratification of idlers; out of three works sent by Millais, only one gives any just idea of his powers; Holman Hunt is represented by a single figure, which, however careful in study, does not constitute a picture; and Frith stakes his reputation on "Claude Duval." The happiest exception is Mr. Leighton, whose "Damsels of Syracuse" are likely to procure for him great honour.

The comparison between the English and French schools has been so often made that we should run some risk, in making it once more, of falling into a simple recapitulation of distinctions which are already familiar. That the French is, on the whole, by far the greater school, we have no doubt. It is greater because it reaches, without so much painful effort, regions of thought more purely artistic, and because it has higher culture, and therefore less eccentricity. The French school holds very easily the first place in Europe; but there are individual painters elsewhere, not numerous enough, or perhaps not gregarious enough, to form large groups or clusters, yet who nevertheless do honour to the countries which have produced them. In this way almost every State in Europe has contributed something notable to this year's show in the Champ de Mars, and there are a few English pictures which in their way are not to be surpassed. But the English school, in the mass, does not powerfully impress the spectator, and it is only after deliberate examination that any just estimate of its services is to be arrived at.

One side of Sir Edwin Landseer's nature is fairly represented in his single contribution, and it is the side by which he is in sympathy with the popular mind. The picture "The Taming of the Shrew" is not only a representation of a horse, but it is *horsey*. It is a picture so directly addressed to the sympathies and understandings of grooms and jockeys, and of the considerable class of rich men who do not rise above the same intellectual level, that the engraving of it is likely to be a favourite decoration of their parlours and bedrooms. A female horsebreaker is sitting in the straw, with the animal she has just subdued. She wears a look of placid triumph. The gloss of the horse's hide and of the lady's boots are the artist's chief executive points, and are hit, of course, with a degree of certainty delightful to the vulgar, but to severer judges, who care for more serious qualities, positively irritating. The straw is bad in colour, having none of the golden glow of real straw; and though the touches which indicate it are rapid and free, they miss the broken intricacy of the real thing. Of the figure, considered as a serious effort, the less said the better. The lady has one advantage over the Lady Godiva of last year, and that is a great one; her body is hidden in a riding-habit. The undulations of shining surface on the horse's body are rendered with infinite skill.

The straw-painting in Sir Edwin's picture carries us naturally to the wheat-sheaf in Mr. Holman Hunt's "Afterglow in Egypt." Mr. Hunt has, unfortunately, such bad taste in frames that his pictures are usually seen to the greatest disadvantage. The object of a picture-frame is to isolate the work of art, and help the illusion by recessing it. Gold is used because, being a metal, it does not much interfere with colour; silver would answer the purpose, but it is cold in tint and liable to tarnish; bronze, on the other hand, is too sombre. Not contented with being eccentric in their pictures, the pre-Raffaellites, as a minor way of distinguishing themselves from the mass of their contemporaries, invented a system of framing which, like the costume of the Quakers, might be an outward and visible mark of the elect. They rejected

the idea that a frame ought to be beautiful, and determined to make it either wholly uninteresting, or interesting only by symbolism. The old-fashioned plan of recessing a picture seemed too obvious a suggestion of common sense, and a flat margin was preferred, partly perhaps because it afforded more room for symbolic ornament or for inscriptions. The symbolic ornaments and inscriptions were not always, as may readily be imagined, conducive to the appearance of the picture; and though it is perhaps as well that an artist should display his own taste, good or bad, not only in his picture but in what surrounds it, Mr. Holman Hunt has done great harm to three or four of his best-known works by putting them in frames which, however profoundly symbolical, are quite unsuited to the exhibition of paintings. Mr. Hunt may, however, know his own admirers better than we do, and perhaps his calculation is wiser than it seems. It may be worth his while to sacrifice artistic effect to an appearance of peculiarity which sets him apart from the world as the priest of a peculiar faith, just as bishops wear coats of an unusual cut.

What the "Afterglow in Egypt" might look like in a rationally made frame by Bourdon we cannot tell, but even then it is likely that the canvass would seem unfortunately crowded. An Egyptian girl, holding a wheat-sheaf on her head and a water-jar in her right hand, is walking towards the spectator, followed by many pigeons. She occupies nearly the whole canvass, which above her head is blocked up by the wheat-sheaf from one side to the other. The interstices are filled with glimpses of an Egyptian landscape, with palm-trees, villages, water, and a camel. The first and most obvious objection that strikes us is this crowding of the canvass. The figure has no elbow-room, and we have an unpleasant sense of want of space, as if she were brushing through a narrow passage with that awkward wheat-sheaf. Again, though the details may be separately clever, they do not combine. The picture makes no impression as a whole. Mr. Hunt is so far from being able to grasp all the material he presents to us here that he cannot even grasp the wheat-sheaf, but only its separate stalks, one at a time. At a distance of three or four yards the sheaf no longer exists. The landscape has no auxiliary character, does not help or support the figure; but it is full of interest as a separate record, and full of local character, the quaint villages and scattered palms being no doubt faithful enough. There is some power of colouring in the figure and the pigeons, but only so far as separate colours are concerned; there is no large colour-harmony. In this respect Mr. Holman Hunt may be compared to Gérôme, also a brilliant but defective colourist; with the reserve, however, that Gérôme very frequently takes refuge in mere clay, whereas Mr. Hunt is always brilliant in separate hues, though he rarely sees relations. The figure is interesting and strongly national, with a certain open comeliness approaching to beauty. There is not so much "glow" in the picture as the title leads us to expect; the colouring of the sky, though we know what is intended, falls necessarily so far below the light of nature that we are feebly affected by it.

Mr. Millais exhibits the "Eve of St. Agnes," the "Satan sowing Tares," and the "Departure of the Romans." With the exception of the Satan, this selection is very injudicious. The peculiar temper of the poetry of Keats is one into which no Frenchman ever entered, and it is likely that to most Continental visitors this picture will simply be an absurd representation of a stiff young lady just going to take off her stays, as, for some wholly unaccountable reason, she is going to bed by moonlight. The floods of ridicule which will overwhelm this unlucky canvass might to some extent be diminished or diverted by attaching to it some brief printed explanation of the subject. But even to us—who have not only read Keats, but can enter into his peculiar feeling, and also, we believe, into the feeling of Mr. Millais himself—the picture, as a work of art, is most unsatisfactory. A young lady returning disappointed from her nocturnal watch is undressing herself in the middle of a large bedchamber. The moon-beams, falling through the window, make a square of light on the floor, and in the middle of this she stands. Her gown has fallen to her feet and she stands quite stiffly, both legs together, both hands in front, and face in simple profile. Before her is a great bed without the least interest or variety, all brown—brown curtains, brown counterpane, brown everything. A piece of very bad management is the arrangement of the background behind the figure. There is a cabinet surmounted with objects in porcelain, and these come so exactly above the head of the figure that on a dull day, or for a careless spectator on any day, they look like some kind of barbaric head-dress. It is only in a strong light, and by careful examination, that the true character of the whole background can be made out. The immense space occupied by the ugly and uninteresting bed is an obvious fault not compensated by any brilliance given to the figure by the contrast. The ungainly attitude of the figure itself, though expressive enough of solitude—for no young woman would be seen in such an attitude if she could help it—is artistically a mistake. The quality of the painting is really fine only in the moonlight, which is truly rendered in the glittering of the embroidery of the blue dress, and the silver box on the dressing-table. It may be observed, however, that though the picture is full of artistic blunders, it has a certain poetical feeling, but a feeling which, as we have said, will escape Continental sympathies.

The separation of the Roman lover from his British mistress, called in the catalogue "Les Romains quittant la Grande Bretagne," strikes us at first as a strong confirmation of the somewhat novel doctrine that figure-painters are not necessarily

masters of landscape. The landscape here, which is important in the space occupied and the scene chosen, scarcely deserves the honour of serious criticism. Whatever may have been the theory or principle of pre-Raffaellism, it was popularly supposed to aim at force of representation; and though it might not wholly exclude sketching, its sketching was expected to be more than commonplace—to give at least an abstract of accurately observed form and colour. The landscape here is not so good as that of our common landscape-painters. Even Mr. Lee, the Academician, whose work has become a standard of unhesitating insensitiveness, can do better work than this. The absence of effect in the distance and of detail in the foreground, the dulness of colour, the want of composition or even ordinary care in arrangement, all mark a condition of feeling the very reverse of that which gives delicate sympathy with nature. Surely the white cliffs of England, abandoned by their conquerors, might have inspired some more vivid and powerful interpretation. Of the figures it may be said that their attitude has true passion; the British woman is noble in her great grief, and the Roman soldier less noble because, as in such a case would be likely, even more overcome. When men's hearts are wrung with anguish they do not study elegance of attitude, and this attitude of the Roman is inelegant—it may even seem, to an uninterested critic, ridiculous; and the group invites caricature. He is on his knees, clasping the woman below the waist, and burying his head in her lap. She, looking vacantly across the broad sea, thinks of his infinite absence. In the painting of their dresses there is little of that power which once distinguished Mr. Millais; and the one quality of his which the picture displays, a quality not appreciated by critics who are themselves incapable of passion, is the invention of passionate attitudes.

The third picture, "Satan sowing Tares," is worthier of the master. In the figure of an old Jew, Satan sows tares by night. The face at least is thoroughly masterly; the touches of light on the cunning, diabolical face, bring out the keen eye and sharp tooth. Two serpents crawl near his feet, and a green-eyed hyena prowls behind. The sky is dark, and there are dark low hills, but there is a yellow rent in the sky, and a river gleams yellow in the valley. The landscape here gives some not inadequate record of a true impression, and the figure is grander than ordinary conceptions of the Devil.

Mr. Martineau sends his well-known "Last Day in the Old Home." The story, if we understand it rightly, is this. Sir Charles Pulleyne, a baronet of ancient family, and proprietor of a fine old English hall, has ruined himself on the Turf, and is obliged to leave his old house, whose contents are to be sold by auction. The things are already numbered and labelled, and objects long endeared by many associations are now reduced to the condition of lots for a sale. Sir Charles is still a young man, but has a little boy in knickerbockers, who has no great reason to be grateful to him. The scene of the picture is a morning-room in the old hall, with wainscoting and old portraits on the walls, and the combination of modern comfort with antiquarian picturesqueness commonly met with in old mansions. They have just been eating some lunch, and the baronet is seated on the table with a glass of champagne in his hand, whilst his little boy is standing near him with a glass of the same wine. The baronet's wife is writing for furnished lodgings—we guess so much by the advertisements on the newspaper before her—and an elderly lady, whom we take to be the baronet's mother, is trying to pay money to the old steward, who declines to accept it. There is considerable skill in the painting, but singularly bad taste in the invention of the scene. Do baronets habitually sit on their tables, especially when the table is still covered with the materials of a meal? The whole figure of the baronet is hateful, not only morally, but artistically. He behaves himself like a graceless youth drinking champagne with loose women; his face is in a broad grin, without a trace of any worthy emotion. A tailor might admire his clothes, a prizefighter might appreciate his build, and a dentist his teeth; but he is essentially vulgar, and painted in a vulgar way. Art of this kind can do no good to the Continental reputation of our school, and this picture should have been kept in England, where it is likely to be more indulgently criticized, and perhaps better understood. The explanation of it current amongst visitors has been expressed as follows:—"The first glass of champagne, father very jolly and wants to teach little boy to drink, but his mother doesn't like it."

Mr. John Lewis is fairly represented in his "Court of the House of the Coptic Patriarch," and "Turkish School in the Neighbourhood of Cairo." His marvellous power over broken and scattered effects of light, such as are given when strong sunshine falls through trelliswork or thin leafage, has never been more admirably exercised. But although both these works reward long study, and are capable of giving enduring pleasure, they suggest no new observation on the characteristics of the artist. Except the transition from one medium to another, from water-colour to oil, Mr. Lewis has not, during the last ten years, given evidence of any artistic change or development. What he does, he does with a perfection of skill never yet in that peculiar direction surpassed by human hand. Though a supremely skillful painter of animals, as these in the Court of the Coptic Patriarch sufficiently testify, Mr. Lewis never condescends, as Landseer does, to cater for the amusement of persons whose only claim to a knowledge of art is that they are good judges of horseflesh. He does not paint for jockeys and dog-fanciers, but contends for purely artistic honours. More than any other English artist, he has reconciled extreme

tendencies peculiar to the English school with the universal exigencies of art. Such faults as he has are probably inseparable from his excellences, and amount to little more than a kind of emphasis. The love of clear and precise statement leads often to hardness, and though Mr. Lewis never altogether misses the higher truths of relation, he frequently loses force by over-attention to minor facts. The foliage in the Court of the Patriarch is an instance of this; the separate leaves are lightly and gracefully painted, but the tree, as a whole, fails to impress.

A few words may not be out of place concerning the catalogue to this Exhibition. It is full of printer's errors, and is no better than an unrevised proof. We have Knight for Knight, Landseer for Landseer, Y. Everett for J. Everett, Taed for Faed, Trith for Frith, Trost for Frost, and dozens of other similar mistakes. The French translations of English titles for pictures are not always adequate. For instance, Mr. Graham's "Spate in the Highlands" is translated "Chute d'eau dans les Highlands de l'Ecosse." *Chute* does not render *spate*; the word *crue* would have been the right one to use.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

THE first meeting at Newmarket for the present year was commenced in most unfavourable weather. The wind blew as it only can blow across that open heath, and the rain fell in torrents. The racing on the first day was not interesting enough to compensate for these discomforts; and though the attendance was scanty, we have seldom seen the line worse kept. Since last year a few policemen have been engaged by the Jockey Club to assist in keeping the crowd back within proper limits, but the only result of their presence was that people broke into the course with greater freedom and more persistence than ever. All view of the racing was obstructed, at any rate for those who had to see it from their flies or other vehicles, till the horses were within three hundred yards of the judge's chair. The Jockey Club has very properly levied an impost of five shillings per day on every vehicle proceeding to the heath; we are not without hope that it may be found practicable at some future time to require pedestrians also to contribute a small toll. The racing on Monday was of a very quiet description. After Delium had won a sweepstakes over the last half mile of the Beacon course, Lord Lyon was opposed by Sultan and Assine-boine in the Craven Stakes. This race was run across the flat, finishing up the hill at the end of the Rowley mile, to which Lord Lyon is particularly partial. He had no more trouble to defeat his antagonists here than at Northampton, and won, as there, without ever being extended. His reputation over courses of a mile or a mile and a quarter bids fair to be greater this year even than in 1866; but, grown and improved as he is in muscle and in symmetry, we cannot yet regard it as certain that he will distinguish himself equally over the long Cup courses at Ascot and Goodwood. Had Friponnier, who was entered for the Craven Stakes, been brought out to oppose Lord Lyon, the contest would have been most interesting, regard being had to the race between the two last October. Then Friponnier beat Lord Lyon easily at weight for age, but the distance last Monday being longer, and less suited to Mr. Pryor's speedy horse, we think the positions of the pair would have been reversed. As the defeat of Friponnier could not have failed to exercise a depressing influence on The Rake, it was probably judicious not to bring him out. In the succeeding Sweepstakes there was a good race between Kingsley and Sister to Ascham. Lord Glasgow's filly had much the best of the weights, and won very cleverly. Thalia ran wretchedly, and was one of the first beaten. Fifteen ran in a handicap plate over the T.Y.C., and Pericles, carrying 8 st. 5 lbs., and giving weight to everything in the race, including Confederate, 6 years, 7 st. 4 lbs., and Lytham, 6 years, 8 st., won in very good style. We consider this a most excellent performance, and a substantial proof that, but for his infirmity, the winner would have been among the very best of his year. If Julius is much better than his stable companion, his chance must be indeed very great for the Two Thousand Guineas. The following race resulted in a victory more brilliant still, for Cecrops, carrying 9 st. 2 lbs., won by a neck, but without any difficulty, over the Brethby Stakes course, from Lord Ronald, Jasper, and ten others. The winner was giving away a year and 13 lbs. to the second. This performance stamps him as the most brilliant horse in training over three-quarters of a mile, and he is as handsome as he is good.

There were two matches after this, and the matches are one of the great charms of Newmarket. In the first Lord Westmoreland proved the superiority of his judgment by making Ulphus give Dr. Syntax 21 lbs., for even with that advantage in the weights Lord Conyngham's horse was never in the race. In the second Nike beat Tumbler with equal ease, and in the next race the Duke of Newcastle secured a third victory with Flying Scud, who beat Bismark over the Rowley mile very cleverly. The latter showed, as at Northampton, his inability to stay over a mile course. He had the best of the race for three-quarters of a mile, but was in difficulties immediately after, and the hill at the finish did not assist him. Flying Scud was very well ridden by Edwards, who no doubt was aware of Bismark's weak point. Some promising two-year-olds ran for the 50l. Plate on Tuesday, over the first half of the Abingdon mile. Léonie, by Newmin-

ster, won very easily, but it must be observed that the start for this race was a very bad one. Stockholm, with Fordham up, could never get near the leaders, and the chances of several others were quite extinguished by the straggling way in which they were despatched from the post. Aldcroft, after a long absence, rode for the first time in this race; but, with singular ill-fortune, the filly he was on, belonging to Mr. Savile, bolted out of the course just as the flag fell. In the 50 Sovs. Sweepstakes over the Ditch mile, Hippia showed some return to her early two-year-old form, for although not nearly prepared she won very easily from Bismark and Pirate Chief. Fifteen started for the Biennial, including Vauban, Wroughton, Taraban, and D'Estournel. Altogether the quality of the field was much superior to that of preceding years, it being quite a Derby trial for three of the four above mentioned. D'Estournel looked somewhat light, and deficient in muscle; Taraban was very big; but Vauban and Wroughton both seemed very fit, the latter especially having grown into a fine powerful horse. D'Estournel exhibited great temper at the start, and quite exhausted himself by his struggles with his rider. From the bushes there were only Vauban and Wroughton in the race, and ascending the hill they ran locked together, the issue being in doubt almost up to the very last stride, when Vauban, whom Fordham rode with great judgment, just won by a head. Early in the race D'Estournel was disappointed by something running across his track, and he was obliged to come round his horses. This very probably affected his temper, for it was clear that he would not try afterwards; and we must consider him as undeserving of confidence on account of his shifty disposition, even if he could be recommended on other grounds, which, after seeing him this week, we very much doubt. A most indifferent field of nine started for the Newmarket Handicap. This race is rapidly declining in popular estimation, and is hardly worthy of its place in the programme. It was run in a blinding storm of rain and hail, which even prevented the colours of the jockeys from being distinguished. Leases, a colt of most moderate pretensions, won very easily; but the only thing deserving of comment is that Plutus, who has not hitherto run over severe courses, obtained second place. Of the three who opposed Grimston for the Beacon Stakes, Nyanza, a filly by King Tom out of Deiopoia, who whipped round just as the flag fell, but made up a good deal of ground afterwards, was the best; but she had no chance, under any circumstances, with Mr. Pryor's colt, for whom it was a mere canter. He is a very handsome horse, and remarkably furnished for his age. His action is free and powerful, and he covers a great deal of ground in his stride. The card on Wednesday was of very moderate dimensions, there being only seven races set for decision, and the entries being insignificant in number. Eau de Vie beat Roll Call in a match over the last mile of the Beacon course, though Fordham had to ride him with great determination to secure the victory. Paris ran very indifferently over the T.Y.C., and came in the last of six, Confederate winning cleverly. Hippia, Problem, and Cellina contested for a 50 Sov. Sweepstakes on the same course, and the former had little difficulty, although by no means fit, in shaking off her two antagonists. Cellina has lost all form, and looks excessively mean and jady. Last year, it will be remembered that at one period she promised to be the best filly of her year, having run within a length of The Rake at Northampton, and subsequently at Newmarket First Spring Meeting having defeated Hermit, Lady Hester, and Marksman. Four opposed Pericles for the next race, but they were undergoing needless exertion, for the Duke of Newcastle's handsome colt cantered away from them like a thorough racehorse. Then Wild Agnes attempted to give 4 st. to a three-year-old colt by Lexington out of Annie Laurie over the Ditch mile, and only suffered defeat by a head. The weight was too much for her, and she never could get fairly away from her opponents. The winner ran very unkindly, and was whipped and spurred for the greater part of the distance. Two wretched fillies, neither of whom could gallop a hundred yards in moderate company, were left in the Column Stakes, and one of course beat the other; but their attempts to race were so ridiculous that, as far as we are concerned, their names shall be left to oblivion.

The wind on Thursday was colder than ever, and at the top of the Beacon course it was almost impossible to stand. Only two ran for the Claret Stakes over the severe course from the Ditch in, and Auguste, who had been running in France a few days before, had no difficulty in disposing of one of Lord Glasgow's nameless colts, who possessed no claims to recommendation on the ground either of looks or action. Five ran for the Eighth Biennial for four-year-olds, and the race fell to the one from whom danger was least apprehended, Lord Stamford's Peer, who must have improved wonderfully since last year, when his performances were most moderate, to beat Westwick as easily as he did. Ischia ran very badly, and Dalesman was beaten off. Westwick struggled gamely, but it is evident that the inclement weather in the North of England has prevented trainers from giving their horses anything like an adequate preparation. Ninny won the Abingdon Stakes very cleverly, and eighteen ran for a Handicap Plate of 50l. across the Flat. The race was left at the finish to Roquefort and Python; and Kenyon fairly outrode Butler, who was on Mr. Angell's colt, for the latter had decidedly the best of the struggle to within fifty yards of the Judge's chair, when he seemingly gave up riding. Speculum ran very much better in the next race than he did at Northampton. In fact he showed really good galloping power; and Eau de Vie and Witchcraft, a very good-looking colt of Mr. Padwick's, had no chance with him. The Sweepstakes

of 100 sovs. over the Ditch mile was considered a certainty for Taraban, who was only opposed by Whirligig and Silankos, but ideas of fit and proper preparation must vary very considerably north and south of the Trent, for Mr. Bowes's colt did not look as if he could gallop two hundred yards, and had to be whipped and spurred all the way, under which inducements he finished an indifferent last. It must be said, however, that he is really a horse of very fine shape and proportions, and will doubtless run very differently when his trainer allows him to come to the post without a ton of flesh on his bones. The remaining races on Thursday were not of a nature to demand detailed notice, and we did not stay to see what took place on Friday.

REVIEWS.

ANCIENT COINS, MEASURES, AND WEIGHTS.*

DR. J. BRANDIS, the son of the great historian of Greek philosophy, has published one of those classical works which are read indeed by few people, but which maintain their position for a long time. Such works are becoming rare, even in Germany. Publishers do not like them, nor are there many scholars who, after spending years and years in collecting, sifting, and arranging their materials, are satisfied with the applause of two or three old professors, generous enough to speak highly of a rising man, and honest enough to confess that he has been successful in correcting some of their own mistakes. The subject which Dr. Brandis has chosen, and to which he must have devoted at least ten years of his life, is not at first sight a very attractive one. What are the weights and measures and coins of Asia, before the time of Alexander the Great, to us? Was not Alexander the Great the first who united the East with the West, who civilized Asia, who secured to the Asiatic man a place on the grand stage of the world's history? So, indeed, we are told by men who look upon Greece as the light of the world, and upon Greek civilization as a kind of Minerva that sprang into existence full-grown and fully-armed. Greek civilization is a difficult riddle enough, without making it more difficult still by taking away the few hints that may help us to understand its growth, at least to a certain extent. The Greeks were wonderful children in learning and digesting, and applying the lessons which they learnt from those who had come before them; but they, too, had once to go to school, like every other nation, and their principal schoolmasters came certainly from the East. Who taught the Greeks their ABC? An Eastern people, surely; the Phœnicians, to whom the world owes a discovery, compared with which the discoveries of printing and of telegraphic writing become insignificant. Nor will the Phœnicians ever lose the credit of having taught every one of us our ABC, even if the Vicomte de Rougé is right, as we have no doubt he is, in tracing the letters of the oldest Phœnician alphabet back to a certain class of Hieratic letters used in Egypt at an earlier period. The Phœnician discovery did not consist in inventing certain letters, but in the practical thought that all ideographic and determinative signs may be dispensed with; that even a syllabic alphabet might safely be discarded; and that, if but properly analysed, every word that could be pronounced, could also be approximatively rendered by twenty-four, or even by fewer, alphabetic figures. Greece might have had a Homer without an alphabet, but it could hardly have reared a Plato or an Aristotle.

And if the Greeks learnt their letters from the Phœnicians, from whom did they learn their weights and measures? Here is a question not without some interest, it would seem, to the student of history, and it may be that Dr. Brandis' work, forbidding though it looks, may be able to satisfy our curiosity. It is well known that the Aryan family possessed words for all numerals from one to a hundred, before it was broken up into so many nationalities, before the Hindus crossed into India, before Greeks and Romans had set foot on European soil. These numerals follow the decimal system, the oldest system both among Aryan and Semitic nations. It can also be proved by the evidence of language, that, like the Hindus, the Greeks had formed certain technical terms to express certain measures of length, of space, and time, nay, even of weight, without borrowing from foreign sources. Though we do not know the exact measure of the Homeric *πιδέρον*, *γῆς*, *πυγῶν*, *ῥῶρον*, we know that they were intended to convey the idea of a definite magnitude. *Πιδέρον* or *πλέρον*, a measure of land, meant probably what can be ploughed in one day, being derived from the same root which yielded the Latin *plaustrum* and the Slavonic *plug*, from which the Germans, in turn, borrowed their word for *plough*. *Γῆς*, likewise a measure of land, seems connected with the old Aryan word for cow, the Sanskrit *go*, and would have signified originally, like the Sanskrit *gav-yuti*, a meadow or pasture-ground for cattle, unless, like *jugum* and *jugerum* in Latin, it meant a piece of land that could be ploughed in one day by one ox, or as in Latin, by one pair of oxen. The general meaning of *πυγῶν*, too, is clear enough, whatever uncertainty may prevail as to its exact number of inches. Like *ulna* and *ell*, it meant originally elbow, and was probably intended for a foot and a half, or a measure of six hands, or twenty-four fingers. The Homeric *ῥῶρον* meant most likely a hand, a hand given, and hence a measure of four fingers, just as in later times

the Greek *δραχμή*, originally a handful, came to mean a certain weight, and afterwards a certain coin. The Greek *πῶς*, foot, *παλάμη* and *παλαστή*, palm, *δῶγμα*, stride, require no more explanation than their English synonyms. All these words are so much direct evidence that the Greeks, before their contact with Semitic nations, were not such barbarians as not to be able to count, or to measure, or—if we consider the purely Greek word *τάλαντον*, balance and pound—to weigh any article they wished to value or to exchange. But if we find such a word as *μνᾶ*, the Latin *mina*, without any etymology in Greek or Latin, signifying not a weight in general, but a weight sixty of which make a talent, then we have two definite problems before us. First, how did this Semitic word find its way into the Greek and Latin dictionaries? Secondly, why does a talent consist of the definite number of sixty *mina*? If hereafter, and long hereafter, a scholar, say of the fiftieth century, were to find, as we hope he may, such names as *centimètre* or *millimètre* in fragments of newspapers dug up from the ruins of what once was London, he would be able to assert with perfect confidence that the English adopted their new system of measures from the French, and that the French system was formed on a decimal basis. Dr. Brandis, following exactly the same course of reasoning, concludes that the Greeks, using such a word as *μνᾶ*, must, directly or indirectly, have adopted the metric system of the Babylonians, and that the Babylonian system must have been founded on a sexagesimal basis. These are two very important points, and they throw light on a distant period of history which almost escapes the vision of the ordinary historian. Here we see from incontrovertible evidence that the great empires of Mesopotamia, which almost baffle us by their reality as we examine their ruins in the halls and the corridors, and we are ashamed to add, in the cellars, of the British Museum, have left ruins of a different, but no less startling, character in the language, the civilization, the literature of Greece. Here we are impressed with a lesson which it is as important to learn in the history of the world as in natural history—the lesson of that wonderful continuity which holds together everything that is, and everything that has been, whether it be the work of man or the work of nature. While we are lost in admiration before the stone tapestry of the palaces of Nineveh, and surprised at the ingenuity of a Burnouf, Lassen, Rawlinson, Hincks, Norris, and Oppert, who could discover in these cuneiform inscriptions the real language of Semacherib and Darius, we are not aware that, to a certain extent, we are all still Babylonians, and that we carry about with us and read every day what is, to all intents and purposes, a Babylonian inscription—namely, the dial-plate of our watches. Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, and so forth? For the same reason, it would appear, for which the Greek talent was divided into sixty minæ, and originally each mina into sixty *shekels*—a Babylonian word, literally translated by the Greek *stater*. It was in Babylonia—and at first in Babylonia only—where, in addition to the decimal notation, there existed for all practical purposes, the sexagesimal system. Why the number sixty was fixed upon instead of ten, or twelve, or twenty or a hundred, it is not difficult to see, for no number has so many divisors as sixty. But what is important is this, that while even the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins, dates, and everything, respected our clocks and watches, the Babylonians, those monstrous conservatives of the East, carried their sexagesimal reform right through everything, not excepting the highroads on earth or the highroads in heaven, but dividing the sun's passage into 24 parasangs or 720 stadia, and subdividing each hour into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds. Hipparchus, the great Greek astronomer, about 150 B. C., availing himself of the observations of Babylonian astronomers, introduced the hour, with its sixty minutes and 3,600 seconds, into Greece. Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., adopted and thus gave still wider currency to the same system. With Ptolemy's work it was carried down the stream of traditional knowledge through the middle ages to the cataract of the French Revolution, and after passing safe and sound through that fearful crisis, it will probably be the last remnant of Babylonian antiquity, hereafter to be swept away by the decimal system which, revolutionary as it may seem, is nevertheless the most rational, the most natural, and the most ancient numerical system of the world.

Dr. Brandis imagines that, previously to the discovery of the cuneiform inscriptions, scholars were not aware of the fact that the Babylonians had, for certain purposes, supplanted the decimal by the sexagesimal system. This is not quite the case. It was known from Greek astronomers that the Babylonians divided the circle into 360 degrees, and the degree into sixty minutes. It was also known, from the fragments of the Babylonian history of Berosus, that their political and mythological chronology was based on a sexagesimal system. They counted by *sossi* and *sari*, the *sossos* representing 60, the *saros* 60 × 60, or 3,600 years. The *neros*, which is mentioned by Berosus as consisting of 10 × 60 or 600 years, might well have been dispensed with, at least for arithmetical purposes, for whenever there are two figures in the row of *sossi*, the former would necessarily represent the so-called *neri*. According to this system Berosus says that the Babylonians counted 120 *sari* from the creation of the world to the Deluge—i. e. 120 × 60 × 60, i. e. 432,000 years. This is an important period in the historical traditions, or rather in the astronomical and chronological fictions, of the ancient world, and it was adopted, for instance, as the duration of the Kaliyuga by the Hindus, who, like the Greeks, became

* *Das Münz-, Mass- und Gewichtswesen in Vorderasien, bis auf Alexander den Grossen.* Von J. Brandis. Berlin: 1866.

* *The History of the Norman Conquest.* By Edward A. Freeman, M.A.
Vol. I. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press: Macmillan & Co. 1867.

realities of William of Malmesbury. But historically the progress is immense; the simple record of facts has widened into a picture of the mind of the writer; and in Orderic, in the two Williams of Malmesbury or Newborough, and in Matthew Paris we see events under lights the most diverse, in their relation to the Church, to the new Christendom which was beginning to feel its own unity, to the cool sceptical intelligence before which the old order of the world was to pass away, to the feelings of patriotism and nationality out of which the new order was to arise. In a word, history had begun, but it seemed to be born only to vanish away. Partly from the literary death of the great monastic houses which had been its nurseries, partly from the distraction of the intellectual forces of the world into theological and speculative channels, partly from the growth of romance which took from it that interest of curiosity which had till then attached itself simply to the narratives of historic events, the space from the close of the thirteenth century to the Reformation is a mere blank in historical progress. Confining ourselves here to England, we see Froissart transferring history to the field of the new romance, and the successors of Matthew Paris dying down into the most menial of annalists. The Reformation quickened history into a new life, as it quickened the world; the consciousness of national existence, of which it was the outcome, naturally sought its vindication in the study which is, after all, but the mental reflection of that consciousness; and the first purely Protestant Primate, Archbishop Parker, was the first by his collections and publications to revive the spirit of historical inquiry. But although a happy instinct taught the English scholars of the seventeenth century to select what really were the most important records of the past—and it must be remembered that, with one or two exceptions, no addition of any real value has been made to the stores they preserved—no instinct could teach them the true principles on which the study of these records had to be based. On the contrary, they were led away by the theological spirit which in every department of knowledge has been the bane of all true progress, and the wider questions of the development of national or social life were subordinated to the miserable controversies of warring sects.

But by a singular compensation, the controversies which blighted history on one side of the Channel gave birth to its true method of study on the other. The original aim of the vast collection of the *Lives of the Saints* which was undertaken by the Jesuits of Belgium was simply theological; the Protestant world was to be overawed by this gigantic panorama of the life and effort and perpetuity of the Church which it defied. The task, however, fell into the hands of a man of real genius, and Bolland, with the school he formed, amongst which Papebroch and Janning were perhaps the most eminent, became, in the collection and revision of their multitudinous materials, and in the fearless and really scientific examination of the questions to which they led, the founders of historic criticism. The old spirit of indiscriminating reverence for antiquity vanished before the bolder scepticism of men who had started as the official defenders of tradition; the scientific criticism which swept away the forgeries of the middle ages was founded, and indeed almost perfected, by the genius of Mabillon and the wondrous industry of his brother Benedictines; while the vast series of chronicles which Muratori gathered in Italy, and Dom Bouquet in France, were edited with a critical appreciation and a patient research which our own time finds it impossible to rival. The student who would learn the true method of dealing with historical materials will still learn best in the school of Bolland and Mabillon; but for the use of his materials he must look elsewhere. Voltaire, the strangest contrast which the world could afford to the sober, accurate, industrious scholars of St. Maur—trivial, superficial, self-satisfied even with his own ignorance, but with an intellectual range and a breadth of sympathy which was denied to them—was the first to point out the principles upon which history should be written, to free it from a mere bondage to details, and to call on it to describe the character of nations, and the moral, social, and intellectual advance of man. Hume is his English representative alike in his strength and his weakness; and it is the peculiar greatness of Gibbon that he was the first to fuse into one the excellences of both the historic schools which preceded him, and to combine the philosophic breadth of the sceptic of Ferney with the critical accuracy of a Benedictine of St. Maur. But the familiar instances of Hume or Gibbon show how much was yet wanting to the construction of a true theory of history. It is easy for us to smile when the one sneers at the great rising of 1640 as a quarrel over money-bags, or when the other tickets off under so many perfectly natural and reasonable headings the causes of the success of the Christian religion. But in reality it acquired no less a shock than the French Revolution to turn men's eyes from the mere appreciation of the outer aspects of national or political life to a perception of the spiritual forces from which these mere outer phenomena proceed. History shared in the change that passed over poetry, over art, over music; in the startling advance from Pope to Wordsworth, from Gainsborough to Turner, from Haydn to Beethoven. Man, and the spiritual world which is within and around man; those impalpable sentiments and aspirations after liberty and brotherhood at which the philosophers of the last century had sneered as superstitious, but which the wreck of a whole political and social system had shown to be the deepest and strongest of realities; those eternal principles of moral consciousness which this great revolt against wrong and falsehood triumphantly asserted—the principles of justice and truth—these were henceforth to form the groundwork and basis of the history of nations. We do not purpose, of course, to attempt to describe

what has been the actual result of this great movement on history on the great historic schools to which it has given birth in Germany and France, or on its effects upon ourselves. Its real value lies in the true foundation which it affords for all historic effort, and in the tests which it enables us to apply to each historic work. Great, for instance, as is the effort of Lord Macaulay after accuracy and justice, undeniable as is the poetic insight of Mr. Froude, one cannot but feel how the real life of the people has escaped the constitutional and political research of the one, and how those deeper principles on which all hope of human progress rests are caricatured by the sentimentalism of the other. A keen perception of individual life, a broad philosophic view of human and national progress, a cool unbiassed truthfulness in the examination of documents and the narrative of events—these are the essential conditions of historical study, and it is on the possession or absence of these qualities that the criticism of any historical work must be based.

Of all the periods of our history, that of the Norman Conquest has been the least fortunate in its treatment. Till the time of Thierry it was described as the beginning of a new England; the ages before it were slighted as ages of a race as strange to us as the Britons whom they swept away—of a race whose name and language had vanished even more utterly than theirs. Indeed the idea of their existence having anything to do with our own would have sounded ridiculous to all but a few legal and constitutional antiquaries, whose Whig and Tory battle-ground had gradually drifted back from the Parliament of Edward to the Witangemot of Ethelred. Thierry for the first time grasped the fact that this unknown and despised race were in reality Englishmen, of the same blood and tongue with the Englishmen of to-day; but even his acuteness was misled, partly by the false analogy of the history of France, and partly by the subtle power of names, into an error just as fatal to any right understanding of the event he undertook to describe. By exaggerating the differences and prolonging the social severance between conqueror and conquered, he converted our whole subsequent history, even to the Great Rebellion, into a warfare between "Saxon and Norman." To correct Thierry, and to write the true history of the Conquest, became next the aim of Sir Francis Palgrave, the one man whose daring originality of mind, controlled as it was by an intimate knowledge of facts, promised most for its treatment; but the energies of Sir Francis were wasted on the earlier history of the Norman Duchy, and though the reader is brought to the very verge of the Conquest, the Conquest remained unwritten. Literally speaking, it remains unwritten still. The volume which Mr. Freeman has laid before the public is simply an introduction to the great task before him, ending as it does with the story of our Danish kings, but enough has already been done to justify the author in undertaking this great subject. Not least among the merits of the book are its purely literary qualities. We miss here and there, indeed, the gift of picturesque narrative which Thierry so eminently possessed, or the weird fantastic beauties which alternated with as fantastic absurdities in the style of Sir Francis. We could occasionally spare a page of argumentative controversy to make room for a touch of that inner poetry of life which rarely finds expression save on Mr. Freeman's battle-fields; and the keen appreciation of historical analogies and differences, which is among his greatest merits, sometimes leads the author away into dissertations which, instructive as they are in themselves, give a fitful and spasmodic appearance to the actual flow of the story. But the bold, clear, nervous English of the book is throughout in admirable harmony with the clear definite treatment of its subject, the precision with which it expresses the principles on which its author works, and the vigour with which he works them out. Not less remarkable is Mr. Freeman's command over the enormous mass of facts which he has laid under contribution. The book is a perfect mine of learning on the subject which it treats. With one single exception, of which we shall speak presently, its author has explored every source—English or foreign, civil or ecclesiastical—from which information could be drawn. The reader feels throughout that he is in the hands of an historian who is unconsciously treating the revolutions of England as a part of the history of the world, and that he is as thoroughly master of the wider subject as he is of the narrower. But Mr. Freeman, we repeat, is thoroughly master of his facts, numerous as they are; the notes to the book, the abundance of which in a literary point of view is less defensible, enable us to judge of the rigid criticism to which each authority has been subjected. Some of his comments, indeed, are models of keen historical investigation; and in one remarkable instance—his criticism of the Northern historians in their relation to our own—he has made a memorable contribution to the history of the time. The same clearness and self-command appear in the plan and structure of the book itself, in the arrangement of this mass of materials, and in the definiteness of the author's purpose. Nothing can be better in fact or style than the passage in which he lays down the aim and limits of his work—what, in a word, the Conquest did, and what it did not do:—

What the Constitution was under Edgar, that it remained under William. . . . The changes in the social condition of the country, the change in the spirit of the national and local administration, the change in the relation of the Kingdom to foreign lands, were changes as great as words can express. But formal constitutional change there was none. I cannot too often repeat, for the saying is the summing up of the whole history, that the Norman Conquest was not the wiping out of the Constitution, the laws, the language, the natural life of Englishmen. . . . No event is less fit to be taken, as it too often has been taken, for the beginning of our national history. For its whole importance is not the importance which belongs to a

beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts; still, it was only an infusion; the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. . . . The most important of the formal changes in legislation, in language, in the system of government, and in the tenure of land were no immediate consequences of the Conquest, no mere innovations of the reign of William. They were the developments of a later age, when the Norman as well as the Englishman found himself under the yoke of a foreign master. The distinct changes in law and government which we commonly attribute to William the Norman belong in truth in by far the greatest number of cases to his great-grandson, Henry the Angevin.

We have quoted this passage, not because we wholly agree with its close, for we believe the civil policy of Henry the Angevin to have been a mere resumption and carrying out of the ideas of his grandfather, Henry the Peaceful, and it would be difficult to draw any deep line between the Conqueror and his son; but because the great truth of the constitutional identity of England before and after the Conquest has seldom been so clearly expressed or so definitely laid down as the groundwork of our history. To the growth and nature of that constitution Mr. Freeman has devoted the finest section of his first volume—a section which adds little indeed, as the author modestly confesses, to what has been before laid down by Kemble or Palgrave, but whose merits will be best appreciated by those who have striven to shape any connected whole out of the half-antiquarian dissertations of the *Saxons in England*, or who have hunted for any single point through the chaotic pages of the *English Commonwealth*. In the outset of his sketch, indeed, we cannot but think that Mr. Freeman has under-estimated the influence of Roman ideas on the new society which sprang up on the wreck of them. However terrible a conflict the war between the invader and the provincial may have been, the conqueror had in fact to settle himself in a Roman province, not in a new country; and fole-land and boc-land, or the tenure by military service, may rather have been inherited from the older system than copied—as in the last case Mr. Freeman suggests—from the mere analogy of its institutions. No theory, however, can dispel the darkness of our earlier annals in default of evidence, and evidence there is none. But the growth of the English polity as it emerges into historic light is traced step by step with singular definiteness and accuracy, whether in its outer aspects—the local marks clustering into shires, the shires into kingdoms, the kingdoms into the empire of Britain—or in its inner revolutions, the simultaneous development of the civil and military distinctions of society, of the corl and ceorl, the lord and thegn, till, through the gradual supersession of the one by the other, the old free Teutonic community is launched on the road to feudalism.

Side by side with the growth of England went on the growth of that wonderful people which was destined to its conquest. Its characteristics are described in the most eloquent passage of the book:—

They were the Saracens of Christendom, spreading themselves over every corner of the world, and appearing in almost every character. They were the foremost in devotion, the most fervent votaries of their adopted creed, the most lavish in gifts to holy places at home, the most unwearied in pilgrimages to holy places abroad. . . . And they were no less the foremost in war. North, south, and east, the Norman lances were lifted; and they were lifted in the most opposite of causes. If the Norman fought by the side of Rómanos at Manzikert, he threatened the Empire of Alexios with destruction at Dyrrhachion. His conquests brought with them the most opposite results in different lands. To free England he gave a line of tyrants; to enslave Sicily he gave a line of beneficent rulers. But to England he gave also a conquering nobility, which in a few generations became as truly English in England as it had become French in Normandy. . . . In the arts of peace, like his Mahomedan prototypes, he invented nothing; but he learned, adopted, and improved everything. He ransacked Europe for scholars, poets, theologians, and artists. . . . Art under his auspices produced alike the stern grandeur of Caen and Ely, and the brilliant gorgeousness of Palermo and Monreale. In a word, the indomitable vigour of the Scandinavian, joined to the buoyant vivacity of the Gaul, produced the conquering and ruling race of Europe.

It is, we fear, this strange influence of the Norman race over its historians, as well as over the Sicilian or the Englishman, which has misled Mr. Freeman, as in still greater measure it misled Sir Francis Palgrave, into a treatment of the history of the Duchy on a scale far larger than its real bearing on our own at all warrants. "In order thoroughly to understand the Norman Conquest of England, it is almost as needful to have a clear view of the condition and earlier history of Normandy as it is to have a clear view of the condition and early history of England." The character of the conquerors, the ideas and policy, the aims and prejudices they brought with them, form of course one of the principal elements in the history of the Conquest. But we fail to see how any knowledge of this character or of its formation is gained from the annals of the Duchy, or from the wearisome meddlings of its Dukes with the perplexed politics of France. The silent change which transformed the Scandinavian into a Frenchman remains as obscure as before, and the work has not yet reached that great era of diffusion when, penetrating everywhere, the Norman became the popularizer, as it were, of all the greater ideas of the world. There is evidently a powerful attraction for Mr. Freeman in the outer aspects of war and policy which throughout tends to lead him away from the examination of those deeper questions which lie beneath them. His book is not, we think, sufficiently penetrated with the conviction of the superiority of man in himself to all the outer circumstances that surround him. We are, of course, far from classing the *History of the Norman Conquest* with the mere "drum and trumpet histories" which Dr. Shirley so pun-

gently denounced, but throughout there is too much of wars and witanagemots, and too little of the life, the tendencies, the sentiments of the people. And this is the more remarkable because, as Mr. Freeman so clearly puts it, it was just these, and not the constitutional outside of English existence, that the Conquest so powerfully affected. The social condition and progress of the nation Mr. Freeman has reserved till he can deal with it from the basis of the Domesday book. But on the religious and intellectual life of Englishmen before the Conquest he is as silent as on the social, and it is remarkable that the one class of authorities on which he seems to have bestowed little attention is just the class from which alone we can derive any knowledge of the deeper feelings of their time; we mean the hagiologies. Yet even on so tempting a subject as the extent of the old Northumbrian kingdom we find no reference to Cuthbert, whose life and preaching brings home the facts to us better than a thousand dissertations. Throughout, we may say, the subject of the Church is treated in a manner very unequal to its real importance and bearing on the development of England and its institutions. Whatever may be its defects, however, the merits of the work are great and incontestable. It takes rank at once as the most learned and the ablest of all the narratives of our earlier history. In its firm grasp and unflinching application of the true principles of historic criticism, in the clearness with which it defines the true nature of our national development, it has laid down a groundwork for after historians such as we have never had before. It is to these great features that we have now confined ourselves; of the detail of the story, especially in its narrative of the later years of the West-Saxon monarchy and the reign of the Danish kings, we hope to speak in a subsequent notice.

RAYMOND'S HEROINE.*

IF we were to say that this is not a sensational novel, as the phrase is, we should say what is true; but we should run the risk of misleading our readers, and doing a gross injustice to the author of *Raymond's Heroine*; for to be non-sensational may be equivalent to mere dullness. The writer's aim apparently is to take human life as it is—a daily drama of events worked out by ordinary means, but of which the significance is not the less grave and real because it is not made up of extravagances and superlatives which are the rarest exceptions in fact. The commonest people, and the most prosaic situations, and characters which seem to bear no distinctive stamp, may be potential heroes and heroines, and an artist's skill may be shown in drawing out naturally an interesting tale from the sort of character which you at once recognise as not only possible but actual. We deem this to be the especial mark of this work. The people do not come down upon you in purple and fine linen, or tread the stage in sock and buskin, but they walk about and talk in the midst of our ordinary chairs and tables, and pace the calm level of commonplace domestic life. But domestic life has its depths, as well as its shallows; and the dreadful significance and mystery of life is that none of us know how noble or how vile we may be. To detect this secret strength of mere humanity is a great merit, and one possessed in a high degree by the book now before us. *Raymond's Heroine* is one of the stories which a reader will feel the better for having read, so genuine is the sentiment which pervades it, so refreshing is the acquaintance with pure and simple natures which it offers, so pleasant to look back upon are the sketches which it contains, bright with the clear radiance of an open-air life, or glowing with the cheerful firelight of a happy home. There is perhaps a greater preponderance of generosity and disinterestedness in the characters of its heroes and heroines than is likely to be really found in any family group, but allowance must be made for that idealization in portraiture without which a picture would be so commonplace as to be uninteresting. That they have been conscientiously studied is easily to be seen, as also that the plot has been carefully thought out. The incidents all follow each other in a natural sequence, the principal action of the opening part leaving its impress on all that follows, and laying the foundation for a series of consequences which gradually rise with ominous threatening, and are made to culminate artistically towards the end. There is no attempt to startle the reader by illegitimate means. He sees the mine dug and the train laid, and he watches anxiously the steady march of events which bring the spark nearer to the powder. He is not bewildered by a thunderbolt falling at his feet from a summer sky, but he sees the darkness of the storm gradually increasing, commencing with the small cloud like a man's hand on the horizon, and slowly extending until it threatens to cover the whole heavens, and blot out every ray of sunlight. Shadowed out rather than portrayed, John Haroldson's crime makes itself felt as a fatal presence throughout, but it remains shrouded in its original mystery until the story has all but reached its climax. The consequences of the crime meanwhile make themselves clearly apparent, following each other with skilfully ordered regularity, evidently arranged beforehand with such careful forethought as contrasts, greatly to the author's advantage, with the recklessness to which evidence is only too often borne in fiction by the haphazard nature of a novel's chapter of accidents.

The principal source of interest in the story lies in the gradual

* *Raymond's Heroine*. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1867.

development of Minna Haroldson's character, under the pressure of the varying influences which are brought to bear upon it. Originally of a very affectionate nature, full of a longing desire to love and to be loved, she is taken away at an early age from her father's humble home, and brought up in the house of her rich aunt, Mrs. Fanshawe, her every demand granted, her every wish fulfilled, as far as material gratifications are concerned. Her aunt deliberately sets to work to uproot the child's natural affections, silencing the promptings of Minna's heart by appeals to the less noble part of her character, by bribes such as generally prove irresistible in early years, by toys and dresses and ornaments and amusements. Little by little the image of her former home fades away from the child's memory, the faces she once loved so well become indistinct, and a great gulf which it seems impossible to cross appears to sever her from the almost forgotten past. Under the influence of the worldly school in which she is educated, she becomes the delight of her ambitious and narrow-minded aunt, and the ornament of the circle in which she moves. All that the most exacting young lady could desire is hers; she knows that she is beautiful, and she does not object to the homage she receives. Still, amid the comforts and luxuries of her present home, and in spite of her hearty enjoyment of the pleasures and gaieties in which her life is spent, she is conscious at times of an undefined craving for something which the world in which she moves does not possess, a longing after some vaguely remembered happiness of olden days, recalled to her mind at times by a chance sight or sound. When she was a little child she used to spend many a happy hour in gathering primroses with her father and her sister Amy, and now, although her old home is almost forgotten, the smell of wild primroses will always bring before her eyes fields brighter and greener far than any she sees elsewhere.

The gradual deterioration of her character, the formation of a callous worldly crust over a heart intended by nature to be soft and tender, is excellently described, as is also the change which takes place in her feelings after she has made the acquaintance of the Raymond whose heroine she becomes. There is great skill shown also in the description of the state of doubts and fears through which she passes during the course of her engagement to a suitor who has nothing to recommend him but his rank, and whom she detests from the moment in which, from motives of pique and vanity and vexation, she accepted him. And there is true feeling in the whole account of the change which takes place in her after she has given up her dream of grandeur, and has been sent home in consequence by her disappointed aunt. Just as in the case of an evil nature the showy superstructure of good which a careful education has reared above a treacherous foundation too often comes crashing down when the winds blow and the sea beats upon it, so, where the original character is true and strong, it will shake off with a single effort the shackles with which a vicious training or a foolish fashion has sought to bind it. Minna goes back to her father's house, and the spell which the world has woven around her loses its influence. Her false self slips from off her like a robe, and all the brightness of her really noble character makes itself apparent amid the shadows which begin to close around her path.

At first she is not conscious of them, and her life appears to her to be happier and richer in promise than it has ever been. To a warm and generous nature there can be no complete satisfaction in such a life as Mrs. Fanshawe's house could offer. There are many commonplace girls who would be perfectly happy if they could occupy such a position as Minna held. Give them all that renders them attractive, satiate their craving for amusement and excitement, and it is nothing to them that their affections are starved, that their aspirations are dwarfed. Life is to them a mere series of days spent in pleasant society, thoroughly enjoyable as long as they are themselves envied and petted and flattered. They take no heed for the morrow, they never waste a thought upon the world which lies outside their own little circle. Their daily walk resembles one of those courtly dances in which the representatives of the best society, clothed in goodly raiment, go wandering to a melodious accompaniment through the halls of palaces, following some stately leader without a thought as to whether he will conduct them or to what purpose their steps are taken. But nobler natures need higher gratifications, and therefore such a girl as Minna is described to be would find something wanting in even that world of hers which she seemed thoroughly to appreciate when she lived with Mrs. Fanshawe. And it would be natural that when she returned to a simpler form of life, and one in which her long-repressed affections were allowed full play, she would be conscious of a strange increase in her power of enjoyment, and the world around her would assume a brighter colouring in her eyes, would express itself in richer music to her ears; and so for a brief time Minna Haroldson, happy in the love of Raymond, allows herself to dream of perfect bliss. The changes which succeed this phase of thought cannot be explained without a betrayal of the secret so well preserved by the author throughout the greater part of the work. Instead of indicating the course of the story till its close, it is better to leave it to be tracked out by those who read the book. And thus we take leave of it, recommending it as we do so to those who can appreciate the charms of a novel which has nothing strained or disproportioned in its plot, in which the characters have been drawn apparently with but little attempt either to improve upon or to caricature human nature, and throughout which there makes itself unmistakably manifest the impress of generous feeling and

of vigorous thought. It is also one throughout which there runs a vein of humour which at once relieves and heightens its pathos, and testifies as strongly to the variety of its writer's powers as the more serious passages do to their force. Of the latter no one can entertain a doubt who has read the singularly powerful description of "Walter Lee's Dream"—a creation which, by its bold outlines and its effective colouring, bears ample evidence to the strength of its author's imagination and to the wild weirdness of fancy which he can display on fit occasion.

HOOKE'S LIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS.—VOL. V.*

THE Dean of Chichester finds himself in this volume in the least interesting period of the whole history of the see of Canterbury, except perhaps the reign of George the Third. Possibly Dr. Hook, when he gets to them, may make something out of Archbishop Moore and Archbishop Cornwallis; but, at three hundred years distance, they do not seem promising subjects. The greater part of the fifteenth century and the latter part of the eighteenth are like one another in producing Archbishops of a much less exciting character than those of some other periods. Dr. Hook has carried us through some stirring times, and he will have to carry us through stirring times again; but just now he is in a dead flat. We suspect that in later times Archbishops of Canterbury have sometimes been appointed simply because they were nobodies, and that this cunning policy was not unknown to earlier times also. The respectable Primate who succeeded St. Thomas of Canterbury was undoubtedly appointed just because he was as unlike as possible to St. Thomas of Canterbury. Now the Archbishops of the fifteenth century were not appointed because they were nobodies, nor in truth were they nobodies; but they were not appointed by reason of any fitness for being Archbishops. They were mainly, as Dr. Hook's readers know well by this time, Ministers of State, Judges, Ambassadors, Chancellors, who got bishoprics and archbishoprics as the reward of their temporal services. This evil had been going on all through the fourteenth century, but it seems to have reached its height in the fifteenth. And in the fifteenth it was still more glaring than in the fourteenth. There had been a time when it was really necessary that high temporal offices should be held by clergymen, because there were hardly any laymen fit to hold them. But now, especially through the growth of that thoroughly English profession, the Common Law, the number of educated and qualified laymen was getting greater and greater. There was therefore far less need than before to call bishops and other churchmen away from their proper duties, in order that they might go on embassies or preside in Chancery. It is to be feared that the employment of churchmen was often continued from a very sordid motive. If the King employed a layman in his service, he had to pay him; but the clergy served, by no means without pay, but without any pay which came out of the King's pocket. The clerk in the King's service no doubt already held several rich benefices; if he was diligent and successful in his temporal offices, he would obtain richer spiritual offices still as their reward. Thus the King's servants grew rich without the King growing poor. Of course the spiritual offices were neglected or discharged by deputy. Parishes were abandoned to curates, canonries to vicars, bishoprics to suffragans, bishops in *partibus*, or stray Irish bishops answering to the stray colonials nowadays. We have in this volume John Kemp, Archbishop of York, who divided himself between the King's service and his private estate in Kent, seemingly never thinking of York or Yorkshire at all. To make him Archbishop of Canterbury, which he became in the end, at least secured residence in his province. Now Archbishops of this sort must be comparatively uninteresting. In any sort of high official, if we are really to care about him, we look for the virtues of the office which he holds, and not for those of some other office. A Minister of State who holds a bishopric instead of a salary is a sort of hybrid monster which does not attract. Most of the Primates of this age are respectable in character and more than respectable in ability, but they are not great—or little—as Archbishops. Their being Archbishops at all is a sort of accident, and so, as Archbishops, they must be pronounced dull.

There is another point about these fifteenth-century Archbishops which makes it a somewhat hard matter to write their lives. This is one which at once arises from the characteristic of the age which we have just mentioned. You cannot write a life of Stafford or Kemp or Bouchier in the same sense that you can write a life of St. Anselm or St. Edmund. Their lives are little more than parts of the political history of the time. Of course they had to do with ecclesiastical matters, and, in some cases, with very important ecclesiastical matters. But each man did not lead a distinct ecclesiastical life, like some of the earlier Primates. Ecclesiastical questions like those between the Popes and the General Councils, or again about the Lollards or Bishop Pecock, are parts of the general public business of the time, with which our Archbishops had to deal as part of the general public business of the time. But none of them were the assertors of any great principle, like Dunstan, Lanfranc, Anselm, or Thomas. There is no such personal life of any of them as there is of Dunstan and his company. The lives must be little more than a record of preferments and an account of the public affairs with which they were connected. And of course, in a series of lives like the

* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. Vol. V. London: Richard Bentley. 1867.

present, a good deal either of repetition or of omission must follow. A has a share as Archbishop and Chancellor in some transactions in which his successor B also shared while holding some smaller office in both departments. Is the story to be told once or twice? In how great detail, again, is each public transaction in which this or that Archbishop shared to be told? Here are several disadvantages and difficulties which did not occur in the early part of the work, and which will not occur again at least in the next volume or two, but which are serious obstacles in the way of a biography of Archbishops during the fifteenth century.

Dr. Hook has, we think, succeeded as well as could be looked for in this the least brilliant part of his task. He has made the most of his somewhat uninteresting set of Primates. In whatever he writes there is always something so hearty, so life-like, so evidently coming from the writer's inmost soul, that we take to the author of the biography even when we cannot take heartily to its subject. And though the Archbishops in this volume are not specially exciting, yet the course of Dr. Hook's narrative leads him among some of the most exciting scenes in English history. What perhaps strikes us most in his way of dealing with fifteenth-century history is his thoroughly English spirit. He is always charitable in his estimates, and tries to make out the best case he can for every one. But he takes most kindly to a popular English hero. In the company of Henry the Fifth, for instance, he thoroughly enjoys himself. He likes, simply as a work of truth and charity, to clear any man from misrepresentation; but he has no pleasure in the mere process of reversing popular judgments either way. It is not his line either to cry down Henry the Fifth or to cry up Richard the Third. Since the beginning of his work Dr. Hook has distinctly advanced both in descriptive and narrative power, and in the power of throwing himself into the times of which he writes. Perhaps he has really got the better of a certain tendency to look at all things through the spectacles of modern theological controversy. This has been Dr. Hook's temptation throughout; in some of the former lives we have seen him yield to it, in others we have seen him successfully struggle against it. Of course there is in this volume a general tone, as there are many particular passages, by which it is easy to see that its author is one to whom theological controversies have more than an historical interest. One is a little amused, for instance, to hear the monasteries spoken of as Dissenting institutions, because of their frequent exemption from episcopal jurisdiction. And even the hearty way in which throughout the volume Dr. Hook has to struggle against Roman encroachments on English national rights derives a certain tone from the controversial habits of the historian. Still these tendencies do not lead him astray in this volume as they sometimes did earlier in the work. Or perhaps it is merely that we sympathize more thoroughly with Dr. Hook's anti-Roman feelings during the fifteenth century than in earlier times. The old Hildebrandine Papacy had at any rate something grand about it; whether we approve or not, we cannot help admiring a system so wonderfully contrived in all its parts, a power which grappled with Kings and Emperors on equal terms. Even in its best days, the Papacy seldom interfered in the cause of pure and abstract righteousness; but the cause of humanity and the cause of ecclesiastical privilege often happened to coincide, and the chair of Peter not uncommonly proved to be a real refuge of the oppressed. In most of the early struggles between the ecclesiastical and the temporal powers, in the great question of investiture for instance, there are on both sides such clear elements of right, so much room for the display of the noblest qualities, that our sympathies are about equally divided between the disputants. When therefore Dr. Hook looked at the great times of Lanfranc and Anselm by the light of a somewhat narrow Anglicanism, we were a little inclined to be angry. But he may be as rigidly Anglican as he pleases in the fifteenth century. There is nothing grand, nothing attractive in any way, about the Papacy of those days. The Pope is simply a nuisance, a far greater nuisance to the national hierarchies on whose rights he encroached than to the temporal princes into whose hands he commonly played. The Popes are meddling, gathering money, weakening the hands of the local Church in every way; but withstanding Kings in the style of Gregory and Innocent is not at all in their line. We think Dr. Hook is right in the distinction which he draws, though we now and then get a little tired of hearing it. In the older theory, the several national churches are independent bodies, with merely an appeal to the supreme Bishop at Rome. The Pope is Visitor of the whole Church, but only Visitor. In the later theory, the theory which prevailed after the Popes had finally triumphed over the Councils, the Pope is the immediate Bishop of the whole Church, and metropolitan and diocesan prelates are simply his delegates.

The present volume contains the lives of six Archbishops, Chicheley, Stafford, Kemp, Bourchier, Morton, and Dean. Their Primacies extend from 1414 to 1503. Three of them, Kemp, Bourchier, and Morton, were Cardinals. All were, as the temporal offices held by them show, men of ability; all were men of virtuous and upright personal character; some were munificent benefactors of Universities, Colleges, and learned men; some were ecclesiastical reformers according to their light; but not one of them was a saint or a divine. There is not one with whom Anselm or Edmund or Robert Winchelsey would have been satisfied as a successor. All, we need hardly say, were secular priests, save, oddly enough, the last, Henry Dean, Prior of Llanthony; and he was not a Benedictine or a Cistercian, but an Austin Canon. Monasticism, as a power in the State, had passed away. All,

we need hardly say, were the choice of the reigning sovereign. The Convent of Canterbury was not indeed as yet bound by Act of Parliament to elect the person named in the latter mis-sive, but they as little thought of electing anybody else as do their secular successors now. As the Archbishops were now commonly translated from some other see, and as every translation was of the nature of a dispensation, the Pope's aid was needed at every appointment, and the Pope commonly treated the appointment of the King and election of the Convent as a nullity, and appointed by his own proviso the person recommended by the King and elected by the Convent. The great controversy of John's reign, where King, Pope, and Convent are for three different candidates, finds no parallel in these times.

We must reserve for a future occasion some notice of the several Primates, and perhaps still more of Dr. Hook's way of treating the several Kings with whom they are concerned. Dr. Hook strikes us as in this volume coming nearer to the idea of an historian in the stricter and higher sense than he has ever done before.

(To be continued.)

THE FRENCH ARMY IN 1867.*

THE impulse which military literature has received from the great events of last year extends throughout Europe. Austria is busy accounting for her defeat; Prussia tells with natural complacency the story of her triumph; and the non-belligerent Powers seek, by the diligent arraying of facts, and ingenious adaptation of them to theories, to arrive at the secret of success. Meanwhile, all except the victor display considerable distrust of their military institutions; reforms which a year ago were undreamed of and impossible have become familiar ideas; and it seems as if Prussia would again enjoy the honour which Frederick's achievements procured for her, of seeing her warlike institutions made the standard of excellence for the armies of Europe.

The work now before us is attributed—whether correctly or not we are unable to say—to General Trochu. It may, therefore, not be out of place to advert here to that distinguished officer's professional career. After serving under Marshal Bugeaud in Algeria, and profiting by the precepts and example of that eminent soldier, for whom our author expresses all the reverence of a disciple, General Trochu appeared in the Crimean war as first aide-de-camp of St. Arnaud, and afterwards of Canrobert, with the rank of colonel. Raised to the command of a brigade during the siege, he was severely wounded in the final assault on Sebastopol. In the Italian campaign he commanded a division in Canrobert's corps, and took part in the battles of Magenta and Solferino. The author of the present work tells us that he has been, for great part of his career, occupied in gathering observations and notes on the facts which have at successive epochs changed the manners, customs, and spirit of the army; on its part in French society both in other days and in our own times; on its constitution, its organization, and its functions in peace and war; and that, after many delays, he was urged to collect and complete these papers by the startling incidents of the late campaign, which had prepared his readers for criticisms that before they would have been disinclined to receive. Records of this kind made by a practised soldier are not only extremely interesting, but quite indispensable to the military student. Nobody can evolve a correct theory of war out of his own moral consciousness; it must be based on a knowledge of the peculiar phase of human nature which is exhibited only in camps and battles—on facts written in blood, and read by the light of musketry and cannon. When the observations thus made are registered and matured in a thoughtful mind, they form the only safe foundation on which to construct theories of war. Our author has criticized the system of the French army with a freedom that at once bespeaks respect for the independence of thought which a French officer must possess who ventures to indicate the weak points in the Imperial armour; and he thereby gives us the consolation of knowing that we are not the only people who, instead of washing their dirty linen in private, invite the world to inspect the contents of the bucket. His apology for admitting the public behind the veil which hides the deficiencies of the French military system is that nations, no longer holding aloof from each other, live in a state of continual interchange of information and of unlimited publicity, and that any mystery about new inventions and improvements is at once useless and impossible. Therefore, he says, the best-prepared armies will be those that, opening all their plans, submit their ways and means to the widest discussion by comparing them with those of other armies which it is their business carefully to study. And he certainly drives home the point of his argument by a very strong example when he reminds us that, before the war, the Austrian Government and people reposed the greatest confidence in their army, believing it to be the most experienced of all the armies of Germany. The notion that in the space of a few days it could be beaten, disorganized, partially destroyed, and demoralized, on its own ground and in the midst of its fortresses, would, our author justly says, have appeared intolerable before the event. "What a service," he exclaims, "would that Austrian officer have rendered to his country who, passing beyond his military national susceptibilities, should have boldly demonstrated to this Government and this army that they were slumbering amid things of the past; that they were living on respectable

* *L'Armée Française en 1867.* Paris: 1867.

but antiquated traditions which no longer had any relation to the long and minute efforts of preparation, the energetic resource, the promptitude of all kinds, the simplified manoeuvres, the mechanical perfections which are absolute requirements in contemporary war." No doubt such a prophet would have deserved well of his country, but that he would have received more honour for his utterances than falls to the lot of prophets in general, we will not undertake to say.

Accustomed as we have long been to hear the French army lauded as the model of excellence, and held up to us as a reproach whenever any hole was to be picked in our own, we are somewhat surprised to find it imputed to France that she places in the van of her system the most obstinate addiction to routine side by side with the most perilous innovations. We are told that, after having long habituated herself to think disdainfully of the Prussian system, she is now more disturbed by its successes than we are ourselves, and is for rushing forthwith into the opposite extreme of servile imitation. Taking, point by point, the French organization, the writer finds defects in the spirit of the army and in the means taken for recruiting it; discusses its education and instruction, its system of promotion, the distribution of its parts, and its administration; and takes exception to the organization of its divisions and battalions, and lastly, to their method of fighting. In ordinary times these topics would have no great interest for Englishmen, but just now there is not one of them which we may not consider with advantage when treated by a thoughtful and experienced soldier.

Beginning with a discussion of the relations between the people of a country and its army, the author tells us that the French are rather a warlike than a military people; and he explains the seeming paradox by contrasting the implicit obedience, arising from the rigorous distinctions of classes, which distinguishes the Russian or Prussian of the lower orders, and renders him specially amenable to discipline, with the questioning spirit of a French soldier, who obeys a distasteful command in no submissive mood, and demands considerable tact in his superiors to render him duly manageable. The law by which the army is recruited is so intimately connected with the civil as well as the military interests of the country, the interchanges of citizen and soldier life are so constant and regular, that the people has identified itself with the army in all vicissitudes of fortune; and it was, says the writer, this warm sympathy on the part of the nation that enabled that mercurial soldiery to sustain with patience the long and painful probation of the trenches before Sebastopol. Armies, he affirms, are, both in their good and bad qualities, the faithful representatives of the nation that sends them forth; each must be judged by the standard, and directed by the means, that are thus proper to it; and this doctrine is especially applicable to the French army.

The next point he touches on is the want of simplicity and of permanence in the regulations which form the military system. And here again our preconceived notions of the excellence of the French in all matters of organization, construction, and arrangement would seem to be at fault; for he laments the confusion which exists in the different departments, and, insisting on the necessity of simplification and unity of action, points out that the centralization of authority, by depriving subordinate officials of independent action, causes incessant questions and appeals to the Minister for War, who is thus overwhelmed, and finds his energies absorbed in doing what he should direct others to do.

Returning to the argument that the action of the Government on recruiting is a matter even more civil than military, having a direct influence on the hopes, manners, and customs of the population, our author shows how that action has of late years undergone a most injurious change. At first personal service could not be evaded; but at a subsequent period, out of conflicting interests, there ensued the compromise by which the conscript was permitted to find for himself a competent substitute. In 1855, however, a change in the law absolved the conscript from service on payment of a quitance in money, and the State charged itself with the task of procuring a substitute. More than this, it patronized the system which organized the traffic in substitutes, and which put military service into the list of calamities to be insured against, like fire, and hail, and inundation; and thereby dealt a severe blow against the dignity and popularity of the profession of arms.

But it is when our author treats of the comparative merits of young and old soldiers, and of the formation of reserves, that he deals with questions which most nearly touch us at present. Young men, he says, seized by the law of conscription in their rural districts or in cities, nearly always join their regiments in grief and trouble, and, looking back on the ties thus rudely broken, pass painfully through a novitiate which is all the longer because their hearts are not in the business. This condition lasts for about a year, when military habits begin to form themselves, and duty has become familiar. Well cared for, well fed, and well clothed, the young soldier begins to feel the dignity of his profession, to take pride in his colours, and to love his regiment. After two years' service he has acquired that regimental spirit which is the first stage of the mature soldier, and the commencement of the wider and deeper military spirit which another year of service, or, better still, a campaign, rapidly develops and confirms. And in him is now seen the veritable old soldier—not the veteran that the imagination of the public dreams of, who has grown old under the colours, but the old soldier who is still a young man, who still possesses all the illusions and freshness and impressionable feelings of youth, together

with its unwearied physical energy. And all he asks at the end of his service, as the price of his efforts, is a certificate of good conduct. Returning to his home, he has gained much and lost nothing by his military career. He is stronger and fitter for work than when he left his family, while he has still the suppleness which enables him to resume the labour or handicraft to which he was bred. Settled in his native place, he spreads round him the traditions of obedience, respect, and good order learnt in his regiment, rendering thus the most valuable services to society. In this constant interchange of military and civil life our author sees a powerful instrument of public morality.

But, having drawn this picture, he now invites our attention to another. He imagines that the young soldier, instead of quitting the service, re-engages, seduced by some of the advantages it presents, especially the premium which the State is enabled to offer by the sums it receives as smart-money. Adopting the army as a special career, he voluntarily alienates his liberty, not merely for the present, but, it may almost be said, for ever, since the continuance of military service must unfit him for any civil calling. Arms are now his trade—a trade too from which he seeks to draw all the advantage possible by rendering it as convenient to himself as he can. He becomes hard to please, exacting, peevish, grumbling, given to insist on his rights, and fond of ease. Though he can fight well on occasion, his energy is fitful; and a body of such men, which does wonders one day, falls on the next far below its reputation. He is sceptical, cynical, incapable of high feeling; his scruples gradually diminish; and, owing to the prolonged idleness of barrack life, the example of other old soldiers, and the absence of those influences to which men are ordinarily subject, his whole character degenerates. In drawing these pictures the writer declares he has exaggerated nothing; and though he of course allows that there are exceptions, yet he calls on officers who have given special attention to the subject to bear witness to the truth of the delineation. "If," he goes on to say, "the French army indefinitely multiplies the old soldiers, reducing the number of young ones, it will find its active force deteriorate in proportions always increasing, and always causing more anxiety for the future. And in place of being, as I have said, in the social scale of France, a powerful instrument of public morality, it will become in time a formidable instrument of degradation." Such, in his opinion, is the result of permitting conscripts to commute service for money, and employing the funds thus obtained to induce old soldiers to re-engage. Meeting the counter-argument which may be urged against him, that the armies of the First Napoleon were largely composed of old soldiers, he quotes the evidence of Marshal Bugeaud, himself an eminent soldier of the former Empire. In the earlier wars of the Republic, and up to the campaigns of Austerlitz and Jena, the old soldiers, the Marshal says, were only from twenty-five to thirty years of age, and consequently still full of vigour. But later, when constant war, reducing the available population, forced men long past their prime to remain in the ranks on the one hand, and, on the other, called on immature recruits to take the field, the result was that every army of a hundred thousand effective men left behind it on its march a second army of from twenty to twenty-five thousand composed of worn-out soldiers and feeble conscripts. And the writer states his belief that the period of service at which the infantry soldier is most valuable, being fully trained, and at the climax of his robustness and endurance, is from his second to his fourth year. Evidently, if his views are correct, the re-enlistment of old soldiers is a bad bargain for the soldier, for the service, and for the State. And that the Emperor shares this opinion is proved by the new regulations for the French army, which decree that the conscripts of the year—instead of being divided by lot into two classes, the one going to the active force for seven years, the other to the reserve for seven years—shall serve nine years in all, five with the colours and four in the reserve. So far the Emperor, in imitating, has improved on the Prussian system, which retains the conscript in the ranks for a period too short to render him a perfectly trained soldier.

As to the method of forming reserves, our author is clear that there must be a sufficiency of trained soldiers somewhere, to enable the army to enter at once on a campaign. If the standing army be very large, and proportionally costly, the reserves may be formed in great part of young men; but if the active force be kept far below the requirements of war, the State should be able to lay its hand at once on reserves capable of taking the field. And in indicating the principles which should be kept in view in constituting an army on the peace establishment, he quotes the opinion of a council of war which was assembled after the Restoration of the Bourbons, composed mostly of generals who had served in all the wars of the century. The conditions which, according to the council, are indispensable to enable such an army to pass with ease and efficiency to a state of war, are:—1. To have the military finances in good order. 2. A good material of war. 3. Certain corps (artillery, engineers, cavalry, transport, commissariat) specially instructed, and always ready. 4. A regimental organization based upon *cadres* of battalions, supported by *dépôts* where young soldiers can be rapidly trained and equipped. Such a system admits of great expansion without alteration or reconstruction, and obviates the necessity for the perilous expedient of making important changes in organization when an army is about to enter on a campaign.

Many other topics of great interest are discussed with originality and good sense in the volume before us; but we have selected

those for notice which are most closely connected with questions of present importance to ourselves, and which confirm opinions often expressed in these columns.

IDALIA.*

NOT long ago there was a certain remarkable Foreign Office messenger, named Sir Fulke Erceeldoune, who in the course of twenty years had seen adventures enough to startle even the service to which he belongs; although it is well known to many of our readers that its duties consist principally in riding at full gallop on fiery steeds across the Sahara, the pampas of South America, and other uncivilized districts. Sir Fulke, however, was no ordinary man. He possessed strength and stature gigantic as those of Sir Amys Leigh or Guy Livingstone. He was known as a first-rate sportsman in Scotland, Northern India, Norway, on the Danube, and in the forests of the Amazons. It is incidentally mentioned that he had nearly lost his life in a mutinous ship on the Pacific, in a shipwreck in the Indian Ocean, in "a struggle for life and death" in Persia, and in a "death ride" through Russian snowstorms. He had served as a volunteer in a French campaign in Algiers, he had followed "the desert game over wild Libyan tracts," and, in short, the limits of his travels seem to be those of Ouida's geographical vocabulary. Amongst other accomplishments, he was a first-rate artist, and could speak nearly every language under heaven, including Serbian and the Neapolitan patois, so admirably as to deceive the natives. This paragon of manly excellence had never been in love, but he was destined to meet a lady, if possible, more unparalleled than himself. One evening he was dashing along at full speed (his customary mode of progression) on "a pure-bred sorrel" through the Carpathians into Moldavia. As he had fought bushrangers in Tasmania, Ghorkas in Northern India, and robbers in Macedonia, and always beaten them single-handed, he was quite at ease. Unluckily he was stopped by six ruffians, armed with rifles, who had felled a tree across the path, and who, after a short colloquy, discharged all their rifles at his breast from the distance of a yard. This naturally made him insensible for a time, and he only revived partially to see a lady "fair as the morning," and with the beauty of "Aspasia of Athens or Lucretia of Rome"; she had been accidentally walking about in Moldavia, and took care of him, while she sent her dog—an animal of remarkable intelligence, who, as we find from subsequent notices, understood indifferently the "Silesian" and Serbian languages—to fetch assistance. Erceeldoune became insensible again at once, but retained enough recollection of his benefactress to fall desperately and irretrievably in love with her. Nor was this so surprising as it may seem at first sight, judging by the description subsequently given. She possessed a kind of magical power. "That her form and her face were perfect," we are told, was "not half nor a tithe of her resistless charm"; and a long passage of such eloquence that we wonder at its retaining any grammatical coherence informs us that her various charms "did with men as they would, intoxicated them, blinded them, wooed them, bound them, subdued their will, their honour, and their pride, fettered their senses, broke their peace, gave them heaven, gave them hell, won from them their closest secret, and drew them down into their darkest path." She was descended from the Comneni; also from pure Athenians; and, as she modestly says, "a myth moreover blends in me Heliocarnassian descent from Artemisia—that is doubtless legend." She was one of the richest women of Europe, possessing among other things a fief in Roumelia, and was at the bottom of all the plots in Italy, Poland, Hungary, and other oppressed nationalities. Or, we should rather say, she was the chief originator and supporter of these plots, for every man who saw her fell madly in love with her, and although she cared nothing for any one, she encouraged her lovers sufficiently to induce them to take up the revolutionary cause; in consequence of which her angelic conscience was sometimes troubled at the thoughts of the number of men who had died for her. No statistical information is given upon this head, but the sum total must have been something appalling. Of another mode in which her power was occasionally exercised the following dark hint will be sufficient. A clever man thought he could conceal from her a scheme to treat with Austria; nay, he thought that his scheme was unknown, surprising as it may appear, "to the very river reeds he walked by;" but, she adds, "I learnt it." "And then?" "Then? Why then I taught him what such an error cost." "And that cost was?" "What he merited. It had been better for him that he had never been born."

Of the loves of Idalia and Sir Fulke we need say little. It is enough to observe that she has a sumptuous palace at Constantinople, and another at Paris, and another at Capri; and that at all these palaces there are always cosmopolitan gatherings going on, where the conspirators of all nations eat suppers of fabulous splendour, and afterwards gamble for enormous sums all night long; occasionally making love to Idalia, after a humble and doglike fashion. Erceeldoune stumbles into one of these palaces quite promiscuously, and, though rather shocked by the somewhat fast style of life of his idol, and warned by her own lips to have nothing to do with so dangerous a person, falls more hopelessly in love than ever. To give some notion of the strength of his passion and of his muscles we will shortly summarize his concluding series of feats, which, for the physical excellence indicated, throw into the shade, if we may

adopt Ouida's favourite style, those of Milo of Crotona in the old classic days, of Captain Barclay in our own, or even those attributed by the great Alexandre Dumas to the mighty Porthos, or by M. Victor Hugo to the hero of *Les Misérables*. Idalia has been arrested and conveyed to an unknown prison by the minions of a cardinal, one Giulio Villafior, who is the velvet-handed but unscrupulous churchman of fiction. Erceeldoune, on finding that she has been arrested, begins by climbing a perpendicular granite slab many feet in height ("he knew the ice-slope of the Alps as well as he knew the borderland") with "the swiftness of thought," and knocks down four soldiers who attack him with their bayonets—Idalia's big dog, already mentioned, coming to his assistance in this latter feat. The dog and man together then performed a still more remarkable exploit. Idalia had been carried off in a carriage three days before; but the dog, who "had been perfectly trained," and must have had a singularly fine nose, followed the track of her wheels by scent for three nights—the days being spent by Erceeldoune in questioning the country people. On the fourth morning they came in sight of the convent where Idalia was imprisoned. Erceeldoune spent the whole of the day and all the next day in killing teal with a sling, in order to earn a bed from the monks whilst sparing powder and shot. On the intervening night he had a short period of troubled and feverish sleep, but was up by the earliest light of dawn. The next night Erceeldoune manages to find his way to Idalia's cell, just as she is acting the part of Rebecca in Front de Bouc's castle, to the Cardinal in the character of Bois-Guilbert. The Cardinal is an unusually powerful man, but Erceeldoune smashes him against the granite, and reduces him to a shapeless mass for the time. Descending into the convent hall, he meets no less than seventy monks, all of whom are resolved to prevent his escape. The big dog accounts for one, and Idalia and Erceeldoune fire a couple of pistol-shots at the others; but there must be at least sixty-six monks in the way when he lifts Idalia in his arms and plunges straight at the crowd. The "terrific charge" of the gentleman carrying the lady "carried all before it like the sweep of cavalry," and the sixty-six monks were scattered like chaff. Still, considering that Erceeldoune was distinctly a heavy weight, and was, to say the least, heavily handicapped, for this splendid Idalia can scarcely have weighed less than ten stone, his running was even better than his fighting, for he fairly distanced sixty-five of the monks down a dangerous staircase, and the sixty-sixth was accounted for by the Serbian hound. Two horses were waiting, as usual, upon which Idalia and Erceeldoune galloped all night, without ceasing, in no particular direction. They went over vineyards and "perilous slopes of ravines," and every other variety of topographical formation that can be crammed into a couple of pages, and crashed their way at full gallop through the boughs of mighty oaks and cypresses. As Erceeldoune was badly wounded, and had been hard at work for five days consecutively with only a little sleep on one night, he became rather tired, and he even fainted away when the horses stopped towards morning, "after mile on mile, league on league had been covered with that breathless racing speed, that reckless course on giddy heights, that headlong plunge through tawny waters." However, when Idalia informed him that she was really in love with him, he immediately recovered health and spirits, and in the course of the next day went through a series of thrilling adventures sufficient to drive most men mad. Amongst others, he was tied to a pillar, with the full force of the Italian sun on his head, with his wounds undressed, exposed to the attacks of mosquitoes, and taunted by an unfeeling soldiery who hold a cup of water within reach of his mouth.

We will say nothing of the catastrophe, partly because anybody can invent as good a one as he pleases for himself, and partly because we feel somewhat ashamed of confessing by implication that we have read to the end of so much rubbish. Our first impression indeed was that Ouida must be a lady with a morbidly strong sense of humour, who was carrying out a burlesque upon a popular style to a length at which it becomes wearisome. A humorous exaggeration, such as the accounts of Raphael Mendoza's back-shop in Thackeray's novel of *Codlingsby*, is amusing enough; but three volumes of comic extravagance become oppressive. We should therefore have recommended Ouida to place some bounds to her exuberance of fun, or at least to introduce some passages in a drier style of humour by way of contrast. Gradually, however, it has dawned upon us, reluctant as we were to approach such a conclusion, that Ouida herself must be in earnest, or that, even if she is laughing in her sleeve, many of our readers must take this trash for genuine metal. The fine writing which defaces every page is so unctuous and cloying that it must require a very strong stomach to stand it; still there are a good many readers with strong literary stomachs. In London gin-palaces, we are told, people will drink stuff that has been made intoxicating by the most pernicious drugs, until their taste for any unadulterated stimulant has been entirely destroyed. The consumers of Ouida's works seem to suffer from a similar corruption of the intellectual palate; they like their writing well-spiced and sweetened, and ask very few questions as to the quality of the condiments by which the flavour is obtained. They come at last to relish something which has about as much of the genuine stuff as the manufactured London port has of the Spanish wine whose name it usurps. In short, the fact that such novels as these command a certain sale would be depressing if we could take it for a criterion of the public taste. Probably, however, it would be fairer to infer that there are a good many people who occasionally require amusement without intellectual effort, and who read Ouida without believing in her excel-

* *Idalia*. By Ouida. London: Chapman & Hall. 1867.

inclines to ascribe the authorship of the epistle to Apollos, and to regard the particular Hebrew community to which it was addressed as that of Jewish believers in Rome. We confess that this conclusion seems to us not more relieved of doubt than any other which has been arrived at. The two points that seem plain are that in it we have the mind of St. Paul, but the diction of another. All else is dark. The chain of apostolic men to whom it has been in turn ascribed has a Pauline ring in every link. Barnabas, Apollos, Clement, Luke, all were at some time Paul's intimate companions. Dean Alford, in order to maintain his hypothesis, argues that it could not have been addressed to Hebrews at Alexandria, "since, various as are the notices of the Epistle from early Alexandrine writers, we find no hint of its having been addressed to their own Church, no certain tradition concerning its author." But take the case of Rome, is it not closely parallel? No early writer quotes this Epistle so copiously as Clement of Rome. "We find," however, "no hint of its having been addressed to his own Church, no certain tradition concerning its author" in Clement's Epistle to the Corinthians, in which these quotations occur. Yet the Dean, although noticing that this Epistle to the Hebrews is "never formally cited, nor is any author's name attached," p. 194 (37), cannot see any reason in this against supposing it to have been addressed to Hebrews in Rome. "Was not this (informal and anonymous citation)," the Dean continues, "especially likely to be the case, as Clement was writing to the Corinthians, the very Church where danger had arisen of a rivalry between the adherents of the two teachers?" This certainly seems overstrained, when we remember that in this very Epistle to the Corinthians Clement takes occasion directly to remind them of this same rivalry (Clem. ad Cor. § 47). "Take in hand the epistle of Saint Paul the Apostle . . . therein he spiritually admonished you regarding himself and Cephas and Apollos" (1 Cor. i. 12). Can we suppose names &c., suppressed to avoid suggesting by implication that which the writer thus broadly states? Again, this is precisely the way in which we find the same Clement sometimes quoting the Septuagint itself. Nay, this is the general characteristic of the Apostolic fathers, with the exception of Barnabas. They quote Scripture as the Apostles themselves quote the Old Testament, by the indefinite phrase "it is written," or some other anonymous formula.

Another point which has struck us as weakly handled in this argument is the phrase "They of Italy salute you" (xiii. 24), interpreted here as though the writer were "addressing his epistle from some place where there were present Christians from Italy, who would be desirous of sending greeting to their brethren at home." Matt. xv. 1, Acts vi. 9, x. 23, are cited as confirming this view. But surely the *epistolary* use of the phrase is what we want to establish. And the phrases "them of Laodicea," "them of Hierapolis," "them of Macedonia and Achaia," occur so freely in St. Paul's epistles as to suggest that the rule of interpretation here should rather be sought from them. Now, in them the whole community of believers in the region or city designated is evidently meant. Why the limited sense of Italian sojourners on non-Italian ground should be here preferred, we cannot see. Taking, however, the Dean's limited sense of the words, we find him next asking, "What sense would it have to send greeting to Palestine from 'they from Italy'?" Surely the amount of intercourse between Italy and Caesarea might easily account for this on either supposition.

Where all, then, is so doubtful, are there any facts which will explain how the doubt arose? We think there are. Links of evidence which once certainly existed have been lost. How could they have been lost? In no way so easily as in the break-up and disorganization of the Palestine Church in the great national catastrophe of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem. This alone would account for the obscurity which prevails. Authentic tradition died at its root, and then spurious traditions, traceable in Tertullian, Pantenus, Origen, and others, sprang up in the void. There was nothing to check them then, there is no means of reconciling them now. Assume the epistle written to "the Hebrews," i.e. the Jews of Palestine who had embraced Christianity, whom the title more especially fits, and although all is dark still, we at least see why it should be dark. At the same time we know far too little of the state of the Palestine churches during almost the last twenty years which preceded the fall of Jerusalem, to expect to be able to connect the somewhat general historical notices contained in this epistle with definite facts in the history of those churches. After the Council in Acts xv. we have barely anything, save such facts of St. Paul's personal history as found their scene in Judea. There is good reason why evidence should have been lost in the case which we are supposing; there is none nearly so forcible to account for the loss of it in the case of Hebrews at Rome, Alexandria, or elsewhere. Nay, it should seem impossible how such an epistle addressed to Rome or to Alexandria could have shaken itself free from the atmosphere of local tradition and come down apart from it. The testimony would have found its proper depositary in some of the many writers at either of those seats of Church influence. In Palestine the loss which was perhaps impossible elsewhere becomes highly probable.

We have said enough to show that Dean Alford's arguments are often specious and rhetorical rather than weighty; that in quest of shadows he sometimes overlooks a substantial probability, and that his use of his authorities is far less trustworthy than could be wished. It is of no use—least of all to the writer

criticized—to call errors by any other name. Yet, in taking our leave of these volumes, we are bound to admit that in the Greek Testament on which this edition was founded English divinity has received a solid accession of great value. Where he has, in our opinion, erred most grievously, Dean Alford has yet given industrious students the means of checking his errors by the spirit of fidelity which pervades his work, and which leads him nearly always to suggest, and sometimes directly to quote, the very authority which convicts him. In a work intended "for English readers," this resource, unfortunately, cannot be taken into account. Such English readers as he finds will have tough work of it, and not such satisfactory results as could be wished from their reading when achieved. Yet he has shown, we think, the spirit in which such a work as the editing of the Greek Testament should be done—a noble field of labour in which his "zeal" has already "provoked many," and will probably provoke many more.

A HIGHLAND PARISH.*

THE peculiar pride of a small nationality may well find legitimate satisfaction in such a man as Dr. Norman Macleod, and in the family to which he belongs. What flatters Scottish pride is not merely the possession of men eminent in the world, but of men whose eminence is due to the fair development of national characteristics, and who may therefore be honoured in, as well as out of, their own country. Of this description is the reputation of the clerical family of the Macleods in Scotland. Generation after generation has yielded its quota of "ministers," the highest social class practically recognised by the bulk of the people, and the members of this family have been distinguished by their eloquence and attainments. To their other virtues they have generally added a spirit of tolerance and moderation which, however common in the Scot abroad, is rare enough at home. The talent of the family appears to have culminated in Dr. Norman Macleod, whose reputation extends beyond local limits, and who comes before the world as an illustration of many of the best qualities of the national mind. That, in spite of his opposition to native intolerance and prejudice, he should have attained more than the influence of a bishop in a Church which nominally allows no such rank, is a creditable fact to the good sense of the community which permits it. The Scotch have every reason to be satisfied if the opinion of the world about them should be formed on the study of such specimens of their character. They have additional reason to be thankful to Dr. Macleod for the unflinching way in which he stands on all occasions by his kith and kin. The present volume is a conspicuous instance of this. In a series of happy sketches he has contrived to delineate the whole scene amid which his family were educated, and to interweave manifold eulogiums on the people, which are the more effective as they are often unintentional. A man must be of dull imagination who does not obtain the glimpse of a past Arcadia in the description of a Western Highland parish, full of desolate rocks and moorland, and cut off from civilized centres by long and difficult roads or by the stormy Western seas which steam had not conquered.

It is a peculiarity of the case that the Macleods, while reflecting honour on Scotland, are of foreign descent, or rather belong to what may be described as a nationality within a nationality. No distinction could be more sharply drawn than that which at one time prevailed between the Gael and the Lowland Scot—the Sassenach, as he was termed in Gaelic phraseology. The Gaels by race have nothing to do with Scotch traditions and language. To this day the true Highlander takes pride in many things—language, costume, and manners—which are as utterly foreign to the Scot of history, or of real life, as they are to the Chinese; but the amalgamation of Highlanders and Lowlanders within the past century has merged so far the two independent currents of national life that the qualities of the Highlander are blended, in foreign opinion, with those of the Scot. The same political and ecclesiastical system has answered for both, and nowhere has the contact of Celt with Saxon been attended with fewer hardships for the weaker race than in the Scotch Highlands. In giving an account, therefore, of his own early surroundings, Dr. Macleod is exhibiting the Celt in perhaps his most favourable aspect, on a field where he has been able to thrive under a Saxon Government. The phenomenon is rare enough in Celtic history to be worthy of some attention. At the period treated of in the present volume—from the middle of the last century till the beginning of the present—the Western Highlands had become, instead of the home of robbers, the seat of happy and civilized communities; the change from the extreme of lawlessness to the utmost degree of order having been effected as quickly as in the rest of Scotland, although among a people differing so widely. The feeling of clanship had survived, but the chief was surrounded by a middle-class of gentleman-tacksmen, rich enough to afford for their sons the cheap University education obtainable in Aberdeen and Glasgow, and by a lower class of peasants—shepherds and cottiers—the most polished peasantry in the world. Dr. Macleod assures us, and intelligent enough to take a genuine delight in Gaelic literature. All classes were on the most cordial terms; and while none except the chief possessed the luxuries of modern life, but as to food, clothing, and shelter all lived rather poorly, yet among all there was a degree

* *Reminiscences of a Highland Parish.* By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. London: A. Strahan. 1867.

of refinement and intelligence which ennobled their lives in contrast with richer but worse-educated communities. A little fact mentioned by Dr. Macleod indicates the material force of the Western Highland community. The island of Skye alone, since the beginning of the wars of the French Revolution, has sent forth "21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals, 48 lieutenant-colonels, 600 commissioned officers, 10,000 soldiers, 4 governors of colonies, one governor-general, one adjutant-general, one chief baron of England, and one judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland." Dr. Macleod also remembers the names of 61 officers being enumerated who, during "the war," had joined the army or navy from the farms which were visible from one hill-top in "the parish." The civilization which in one generation could produce so much was due to the educational system of Scotland, fostered by the national Church. The centres of enlightenment in each parish were the minister and the schoolmaster, who had both studied in the same Universities, but with different fortune in subsequently obtaining a living. The Scotch are certainly not without some grounds for believing in the rare merits of a system which has been equally successful with such different races as the Saxon and the Celt.

The parish selected for description by Dr. Macleod—that of the ancestor who founded his family—shows the system in full work. There the minister was not only the centre of enlightenment, but virtually the chief, as the parish was an outlying one on the Argyll estate, and therefore without a local resident chief. The minister lived like a patriarch among his charge; and the patriarchal aspect of his pastoral work, combined with the primitive condition of the inhabitants materially, makes a very striking picture. The *locale* of the parish appears to have been not unsuited to the simple, isolated life of the inhabitants:—

When viewed, as passing tourists view it, from the sea, it has nothing remarkable about it: and if it is pronounced by these same tourists to be uninteresting, and "just the sort of scenery one would like to pass when dining or sleeping," I won't censure the judgment. A castle promontory, a range of dark precipices supporting the upland pastures, and streaked with white waterfalls, which are lost in the coope at their base, form a picture not very imposing when compared with "what one sees everywhere." A long ridge of hill rising some two thousand feet above the sea, its brown sides, up to a certain height, chequered with green stripes and patches of cultivation; brown heather-thatched cottages, with white walls; here and there a mansion, whose chimneys are seen above the trees which shelter it:—these are the chief features along its seaboard of many miles. But how different is the whole scene when one lands! New beauties reveal themselves, and every object seems to change its size, appearance, and relative position. A rocky wall of wondrous beauty, the rampart of the old upraised beach which girdles Scotland, runs along the shore; the natural wild wood of ash, oak, and birch, with the hazel coope, clothes the lower hills and shelters the herds of wandering cattle; lonely sequestered bays are everywhere scooped out into beautiful harbours; points and promontories seem to grow out of the land, and huge dykes of whinstone fashion to themselves the most picturesque outlines; clear streams everywhere hasten on to the sea; small glens, perfect gems of beauty, open up entrances into deep dark pools, hemmed in by steep banks hanging with ivy, honeysuckle, rowan-trees, and ferns; while on the hill-sides scattered cottages, small farms, and shepherds' huts, the signs of culture and industry, give life to the whole scene. Ruins there are too, which show us that whatever faults belonged to the Church before the Reformation, she excelled the Church of the present day in the greater number and the greater beauty of her parish churches.

There were no roads in the parish, and the minister, in his regular duties of preaching, lecturing, and catechizing, had to travel over a district of 130 square miles, with 100 miles of seaboard. The manse, with its glebe and farm, was the centre to which all the inhabitants of the parish gravitated. Medicines, brought from Edinburgh, were dispensed there. The poor came to have their wants relieved by the minister, either as distributor of the Church funds or from his bounty as the richest resident of the district. There were no lawyers in the parish, and the minister was the natural judge or arbitrator. He was also present at every christening, marriage, or funeral, traversing sometimes in a single day's ride seventy miles of broken and hilly ground. The children of the manse were allowed to live in the peasants' cottages to learn Gaelic, and the circumstance tended to knit the family more intimately with the people. The manse was far from being so gloomy a place as Scotch manse are usually supposed to be, and often are, for Dr. Macleod refers with indignation to the case of a Highland minister who rejoiced in the destruction of the only fiddle left in his parish. Dancing was allowed in this particular Highland manse, and the boys were encouraged in boating, fishing, and other out-door sports. Their education in more serious matters was not neglected, and, being conducted naturally, was most successful. The monotony of the life was also enlivened by the occasional visit of an honest pedlar such as Wordsworth describes, the annual migration of the boys when they were old enough to go to college, and the departure and return of travellers from the great cattle fairs of the South. In general, we are led to believe that the inhabitants of the parish spent a tranquil life, in a natural and healthy manner, with a due admixture of suffering; but for all—peasant as well as chief—ennobled by high thoughts and aims, the cultivation of literary and social tastes, and purity and grace of manners. The picture is an enchanting one, doubtless overdrawn, but still exhibiting a remarkable instance of a whole community brought up, amid rude conditions of existence, to a high standard of education and refinement.

It is difficult to give an idea of the variety of the book. The account of Rory, the minister's man, so clever as a steersman; the chapters on the fools; the legends of the Highland churchyard, especially the myth of the Spanish princess; the snow-storm tales; and the fairy fiction called "the Spirit of Eld"—all breathe the

air of the Highlands, and give warmth and life to the picture. One of the snow-storm tales—that of an old woman snowed-up in the mountains, and whose life was saved by the voluntary catering of a fox—seems almost to pass belief, but it is characteristic as a thoroughly-believed tradition among a race always contending with superhuman natural difficulties. The sketch of the Highland schoolmaster is given with great force. The schoolmaster's similarity to the minister in education naturally made him like a "prebendary in the parish cathedral—the minister's right-hand and assistant, as well as elder, session-clerk, precentor, postmaster, and catechist of the parish"; and the smallness of his pay for these multifarious offices made him the most apt illustration of the contrast between the poorness of the way of living in the parish and the degree of civilization attained:—

His emoluments for all this labour were not extravagant. Let us calculate. He had 15*l.* as schoolmaster; 5*l.* in school fees; 7*l.* as postmaster; 1*l.* as session-clerk; 1*l.* as leader of church psalmody; 5*l.* as catechist; 34*l.* in all, with house and garden. He had indeed a bit of ground with two or three cows, a few sheep, and a few acres for potatoes, and oats or barley, but for all this he paid rent. So his emoluments were not large. The house was a thatched cottage with what the Scotch call a "butt and ben"; the "butt" being half kitchen, half bedroom, with a peat-fire on the floor, the "ben" having also a bed, but being dignified by a grate. Between them was a small bed-closet separated from the passage by a wicker partition. All the floors were clay. Above was a garret or loft reached by a ladder, and containing amidst a dim light a series of beds and shakes-down like a barrack. In this home, father, mother, and a family of four sons and three daughters were accommodated. The girls learned at home—in addition to "the three R's" learned at school—to sew and spin, card wool, and sing songs; while the boys, after preparing their Virgil or arithmetic sums for next day, went in the evening to fish, to work in the garden, or on the farm, to drive the cattle home, to cut peats for fuel or stack them, to reap ferns and house them for bedding the cattle in winter, or make "composts" for the fields, and procure for them moss and other unmentionable et ceteras. When darkness came they gathered round the fire, while some wove baskets, repaired the horses' harness or their own shoes, made fishing lines and "busked" hooks; others would discourse sweet music from the trumpet, and all in their turn tell stories to pass the time pleasantly. The grinding of meal for porridge or *fuarag* was a common occupation. This *fuarag* was a mixture made up of meal freshly ground from corn that has been well toasted and dried before the fire, and then whipped up with thick cream—a dainty dish to set before a king! . . . Our schoolmaster could not indeed give entertainments worthy of a great educational institute, nor did he live in the indulgence of any delicacies greater than the one I have dwelt upon, if, indeed, there was any greater then in existence.

As to the main business of the schoolmaster, his teaching, Dr. Macleod gives us to understand that it was successful, supervised as it was by the minister, and seconded by the watchful zeal of parents who had been fairly educated themselves.

We may notice briefly the one gloomy strain in Dr. Macleod's paean. What he describes belongs to the past, and to a past whose departure has been accompanied by painful scenes. We refer, of course, to the removal of the population from the Highlands. Many of the chapters like that on the schoolmaster wind up with the refrain that the place which once knew the people knows them no more. The valleys once tenanted by more than one gentleman-tacksman are now without "a smoke." Sheep graze where a hardy population once lived in rude comfort. Dr. Macleod, however, half acknowledges that the change was inevitable in consequence of the changes of modern life. There is hardly a reply to the argument that, if more produce is to be obtained from the Highlands by sheep-farming than by the old system, it was well that the old system should cease and the population remove to scenes where their labour would be more profitable. The fact of the Highlands turning out so many officers and soldiers goes to prove what the present volume otherwise indicates, that the attractions of pursuits for which Highland wilds were unsuitable were drawing away the people. The sentence on the latter was only hastened in the end by a famine which made the population still more superabundant than before for the resources of the district, measured by modern requirements. True Gaels, instead of lamenting over the result, should rather be satisfied that there has only been migration. They have not pined away before an invading race, but in full vigour have gone to colonize new lands or to mix with other races on equal terms, infusing among them the leaven of their own peculiarities. The Celt has not always been so fortunate. If they could only diffuse wherever they go, among the general community of Englishmen, the preference of high culture to mere material comforts, they would render a very great service to the Empire. The contrast between the enjoyment which a Highland schoolmaster could procure out of his scanty means, and the wastefulness with which an English artisan scatters his high pay without culture and without real pleasure, may help to prove how much, amid the labour of producing, the art of living may be forgotten.

DE VERE'S STUDIES IN ENGLISH.*

ONE can forgive a good many shortcomings, in order to welcome any sign of recognition of common interest in English history and the English tongue, on the part of a citizen of either portion of the United States. Dr. De Vere is Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Virginia, an office which he tells us he has held for many years. The founder of that University, no other than the famous Jefferson, "appreciating," as Dr. De Vere truly says, "with rare foresight, nearly

* *Studies in English; or, Glimpses of the Inner Life of our Language.* By M. Schele De Vere, LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1867.

fifty years ago, the importance of a scientific study of the English Language, inserted Anglo-Saxon among the subjects on which a course of lectures was to be delivered by the incumbent of the chair of Modern Languages." This piece of wisdom was very remarkable in a man of Jefferson's generation, and, we may add, of Jefferson's temper. We should not have looked for much heed to antiquity in language or anything else from a man whose theory was that no law ought to remain in force for more than nineteen years, because one generation has no right to bind a later generation. It was then the more creditable for Jefferson to see, what few people of his age did see, that the scientific study of any language must begin at the beginning. One would be curious to know how the provision has worked; what kind of lectures were delivered, for instance, in Jefferson's own time. It would be still more curious if we had any means of comparing its results with those of what we suppose was then the only other foundation having the same object. Dr. Rawlinson's "Anglo-Saxon" Professorship at Oxford was older than Jefferson's foundation by many years. But there is this difference between them, that Rawlinson's object seems to have been simply antiquarian, while Jefferson clearly contemplated something like Comparative Philology. To realize that the study of English in its earliest form was not a purely antiquarian matter, but an essential part of any thorough knowledge of Modern Languages, was a remarkable achievement indeed in the days of Jefferson.

Dr. De Vere, as we have said, describes himself as having filled his present post many years, and his book reads like the production of one who has been making praiseworthy efforts to turn to the best account new lights which were not known when he began his studies. The natural result is that his book is very unequal. In one place he grasps, in another place he fails to grasp, the scientific and accurate view of his subject. Very good and pertinent remarks stand side by side with blunders and misconceptions. But it would not be fair to judge Dr. De Vere by the highest standard, except so far as he may be said to have challenged such judgment by publishing a book at all. What he gives us is evidently a collection of his professorial lectures. If he gave such lectures as these many years back, he must have then been decidedly in advance of his generation. The only question is as to the expediency of publishing such lectures at all, unless they are very far above the ordinary mark. If every Professor publishes his lectures, however excellent and accurate they may be in themselves, we must, in the nature of things, have the same matter published over and over again a great many times. Men lecturing on the same subject must constantly assert the same facts; they must, to a large extent, employ the same illustrations. It does not follow that what is highly profitable for their pupils to hear from the mouth of the living teacher will be equally profitable for other students to read, when they can very likely find the same information in a better shape. Such lectures are hardly worth publishing, unless they contain some absolutely new discoveries, or unless the old matter is put in some unusually striking and available shape. This last is what Professor Max Müller has so conspicuously done. He did not discover Grimm's Law, but he first brought Grimm's Law directly home to the mass of English readers. Now when we look through Dr. De Vere's book, we see a great deal of excellent information, which must have been most profitable for the students of the University of Virginia; but the greater part, we have, almost by the nature of the case, seen before. Many teachers must have said it already, and many teachers will have to say it again; but we do not particularly care to read it over again in a book. If it were all drawn out in some specially clear, terse, and scientific shape, we should then be well pleased to read it over again. For a manual of the English Language, throwing the results of the latest researches into a clear, terse, and scientific shape, is still lacking. Dr. De Vere's book is chiefly valuable as showing that the students of the University of Virginia have for many years been receiving instruction in English philology which even now is above the average, and which, when Dr. De Vere first began his course, must have been very greatly above the average.

Thus, for instance, Dr. De Vere has a fair notion of the relation of the various Aryan languages to one another, and of the position of English with regard to other Teutonic languages. But it is not brought out with any vigour and precision. Like many other writers on these matters, Dr. De Vere will deal in metaphors, and metaphors are very poor substitutes for scientific definitions. For instance, after he has, as we understand him, told us that English is a variety of Low-Dutch, only amazing us a little by counting the "followers of Attila" among our brother Low-Dutchmen, he goes off into a chapter on "English Elements" which somewhat dashes our hopes:—

A scion of the great Germanic family, our English is the direct and legitimate descendant of the Anglo-Saxon, but in the course of its long and prosperous career it has entered into many an alliance with other idioms and taken at least one other language, the French, to its heart and home, fairly dividing with it the rule of Great Britain.

Then, after hearing about Celts and Northmen and what not, we are told:—

The immense power of such a mingling of dialects, each endowed with its own peculiar strength, was early seen. The first result was not the adoption of any one prevailing speech, but the formation of a jargon, which not until the fourteenth century adopted a fixed, though degenerate form.

This is quite beyond us. Directly after, we get still more at sea:—

We would err grievously, however, if we were to conclude from this variety of elements, which constitute the idiom, that it is a mere farrago of discordant material, or even a mere continuation of one or more of the parent stocks. As a living organism English is an entirely new individual. It is neither Anglo-Saxon in a new garb, nor the offspring of a union between Saxon and Norman French. Both these languages were infected, and had their rigidly fixed syntax dependent on inflections. In the continued struggle, however, during which the two tongues fought for supremacy, both lost all the looser forms and more changeable modes of expression, retaining little beyond the essentials of their substance. These the new idiom, English, freed from all inflections, and subjected to entirely new laws of syntax, which now made up its striking and exclusive character among the languages of Europe.

Yet in the next paragraph Dr. De Vere comes round. "The very heart of the language is of course Anglo-Saxon." Now all this confusion comes from that one root of bitterness—our inveterate habit of calling our forefathers by a name by which they never called themselves. We never take up a book of this kind without going through this same kind of torment. No one writes in this way about the history of French, German, Norse, or any other language but our own. No tongue but our own has had to suffer under any name analogous to "Semi-Saxon"—a name which however we do not think that Dr. De Vere uses. People who talk about "Semi-Saxon" do not commonly meddle with Greek, or we might perhaps hear that the tongue of Homer was "Semi-Pelasgic." If Dr. De Vere and others would simply believe King Alfred when he tells us that he wrote "on Englice," what a wonderful deal of trouble would be saved.

Dr. De Vere is clearly not strong in the history of those times. Now it is equally impossible to realize the philology without the history or the history without the philology. For instance, we open our eyes at such a statement as this:—

The Conqueror had taken care to have his title well established in the minds of many Englishmen even, and to be sanctioned by the express approval of the Church. His friends in England were probably not less numerous or powerful than the Whigs who brought over his namesake six hundred years later.

We are not aware of any reason to believe that the earlier William had a single English partisan. Then again about the Danes, Dr. De Vere quite leaves out of sight the great Danish settlement of the ninth century, which is of course the historical origin of whatever Danish elements are to be found in our language or anything else, and dwells only on the fact of the three Danish Kings who reigned in the eleventh century. The following facts are new to us:—

How little the Saxon nobles were willing to submit to such a yoke, may be seen from the spirited resolutions they passed immediately after the death of Hardicanute. No Dane, they agreed, should from that time be permitted to reign over England; all Danish soldiers in any city, town, or castle should be either killed or banished from the kingdom, and whoever should from that time dare to propose to the people a Danish sovereign should be deemed a traitor to government and an enemy to his country. A people that gave vent to such sentiments was not likely to adopt many words or to borrow many expressions from a hated master whom they no longer obeyed.

The mischievous nature of these confusions is shown plainly enough by the fact that, as soon as Dr. De Vere has got out of these eleventh and twelfth century quicksands, he goes on much more smoothly. There are plenty of mistakes in detail, but he nowhere again goes utterly wrong in this way. One is amazed to hear that Sir John Mandeville "uses, as Mr. Marsh informs us, a larger proportion of Latin and French words than any other poet of his country." This reminds us of the traveller who was shown at Lausanne the place where Gibbon "wrote his poem." Yet the chapter, headed "Latin in English," from which this wonderful sentence is taken, is by no means bad as a whole, and Dr. De Vere's pupils ought to talk better English for having heard it. So in fact we go on through the book, finding a great deal which, in its proper time and place, was no doubt very useful, but stumbling ever and anon on some amazing statement or other. "Where our fathers spoke respectfully of a *lyt-deal*, a *mid-deal*, and a *bound-deal*, we say curtly little, middle, and bundle." At what time our fathers spoke so respectfully we know not, clearly at some time before the separation of High and Low Dutch, where, according to rule, *lyt* answer to *lützel* and *middle* to *mittel*. Here again we are fairly baffled:—"The Anglo-Saxon *thu*, reduced in German to *du*, has with us expanded into *thou*." "We have obtained *Alarie* from the German *Ulrich*" (p. 156). Of course "*Alfred* is all-peace (Germ. *friede*), *Edward* the guardian of truth, like *Gertrude*, which has the same meaning." Miss Yonge is the natural authority to go to about *Gertrude*, about which she has quite another story to tell. And what on earth has *Elf-red* to do with "all-peace" or "German *Friede*"? More incomprehensible than all is this:—

The same transition took place in the Saxon word *ceorl*, which once was a title of honour, meaning emphatically a free man, as it still does in the German form, *Karl*, and which is said to survive in our *Charles*. It is surmised, however, that these free dwellers on their own soil became soon obnoxious to king and nobles alike, and that hence their name soon sank to a lower meaning. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says already of King Charles, that he was a "*Ceorla Cyng*," a *churlish* king, and thus a *ceorl* has remained to this day a rude boor.

The nearest thing to this we ever heard of is the mysterious "*Eadwig ceorla cyning*," banished by Canut, but what has he to do with any Charles from the Hammerer onwards?

We remember a female writer—Miss Pardoe we think it was—talking of the conqueror of Constantinople as "the invading prophet." It is somewhat in the same spirit that the terrible "*Swanus tyrannus*," whom our chroniclers do not scruple to send to the same company as William Rufus, becomes in Dr. De Vere's

hands "Sueno the Blessed" (p. 95). Elsewhere we read with some puzzledness:—

The same errors which in olden times caused so much injury are committed by the ignorant in our day with French words that are now creeping into English, and there is good reason for us to pray still, with our Saxon ancestors of yore in their Litany, "A furore normannorum libera nos Domine!"

The prayer was used in France, not in England, and it was used against the countrymen of Swend, not against the countrymen of William. Still in any case it is hard to make Normans or anybody else but ourselves responsible for "the errors committed by the ignorant in our own day." The following is hopeless, unless Dr. De Vere thinks that the *Tatler*—we might add the English Bible—was written after Isaac Disraeli:—

The increasing influence of the German has led to the adoption of a system which is there very common—the addition of a word, which, in itself, expresses clearly sex or gender. Isaac Disraeli was probably the first who introduced, from the Dutch, the word *fatherland* for native soil; the experiment succeeded, it was adopted by Byron and Southey, and the word has now obtained citizenship. Then followed *mother-tongue* and kindred compounds; besides these we speak of *mankind* and *womankind*, *men- and maid-servant*, *beggar-man* and *-woman*, *bond-man* and *bond-maiden*, *gentleman* and *gentlewoman*, even of a *man-milliner*, and, upon the authority of the "*Tatler*" (326), of a *man-midwife*.

Lastly we must add that Dr. De Vere, in quoting Greek words, more often gives them wrong forms or wrong accents than not, and he gets wholly out of our depth when he speaks of "*Æschylus's Agamemnon*, in which Helena is alluded to [*sic*] as having both Hell and Heaven in her name." "*Ἑλένη*," *ἑλάνθηρος*, *ἑλπίτολις*; but the Hell comes from the Oxford crib, and the Heaven, as far as we know, from Dr. De Vere himself.

We have no doubt, as we have said, that Dr. De Vere's lectures are really serviceable to his own class in the Virginian University. We think we have shown that it would have been wiser if he had never sought for them a wider field than his own lecture-room. Yet we wish to part on good terms with an American, Northern or Southern, who from one end of his book to the other writes in the character and the spirit of an Englishman.

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